

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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SHALL LAW OR CRIME RULE THE WORLD?

WORLD OPINION FIRM FOR PEACE

LEAGUE GATHERING STRENGTH

The Vital Facts Behind the Policy of Italy

SUPREME ISSUE FOR THE LEAGUE

Two great facts stand out in the situation which threatens the peace of the world.

One is that Mussolini's policy is war pure and simple.

The other is that world opinion against it is daily gathering strength and unity.

The days that have passed at Geneva have been the most dramatic in the history of the League, and never before has any gathering been fraught with such solemn significance. The eyes of all the peoples have been on this meeting, for nations have too well learned the lesson that once a war has broken out no man can see the end of it.

The First Time in History

In this case the drama is all the more intense because it is the first time in history that a great nation has given the world notice that it is going to war and has deliberately prepared to seize another State. It is the first time in history also that a nation threatening to make war has been called to the bar of public opinion to justify itself.

The issue has become one of supreme importance, not merely an issue between Italy and Abyssinia, but between Italy and the League.

At the first meeting of the Council in public session Mr Anthony Eden presented his report on the efforts that had been made in Paris to persuade Italy to settle the dispute in a peaceful way, and the whole world was astonished by the concessions offered to Italy.

Abyssinian Sovereignty

It seemed to France and Britain, said Mr Eden, that, while extensive reforms should be freely agreed to by Abyssinia, she should retain her sovereignty and should, as a member of the League, appeal for assistance to assure the development and reorganisation of the country. This reorganisation was to extend to the most varied fields of national life, economic, financial, and commercial. It would mean modernising the Government, abolishing slavery, establishing efficient police services, and giving free activity to foreigners. France, Britain, and Italy would be chiefly concerned in this reconstruction, Italy being given the chief position, even to the extent of territorial concessions.

Mr Eden then went on to say that every nation in the League must surely wish that this dispute might be settled in peace. The world was striving to create a new international order which

To Meet Mussolini's Army



Threatened by an army with all the fighting equipment of the 20th century, Abyssinia is gathering together warriors such as these to save their country's independence.

should spare mankind the scourge of war, for they had learned the bitter lesson that war is the constant enemy of progress. That was why they had pledged themselves in the Pact of Paris to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. That was why they had signed the Covenant. The machinery of the new order was about them at Geneva and the world was watching. The League had no few successes to its credit in its short years of life, and they could not blind themselves to the truth that if the League failed this time its authority would be grievously shaken, its influence seriously impaired, and the collapse of the new international order would be a world calamity.

He need hardly say, added Mr Eden, that there was no question of any political or economic conflict between Britain and Italy, and that all our country was concerned with was the Covenant of the League and the Pact of Paris. He then added these words:

In the position in which we find ourselves the nature of the task which lies before the Council is plain. It is our duty

to use the machinery of the League that lies to our hand.

M. Laval, speaking for France, declared that no one could rejoice more than he at the declaration of Mr Eden. The Covenant binds us all, said he, and they stood by the principle of collective security.

It was a very melancholy Council which listened to the reply of the Italian delegate to all this friendliness. Baron Aloisi took little notice of it all, and presented to the Council a long indictment of Abyssinia. It declared that Italy had made a mistake in welcoming Abyssinia into the League, that she was not worthy to belong to the League, and that such a country could not have either equality of rights or equality of duties compared with civilised States. Italy, he said, would feel herself profoundly wounded in her dignity as a civilised nation if she had to continue the discussions on a footing of equality with Ethiopia. She could not rely upon guarantees with such a country and must hold herself free to take what measures

Continued on next page

CARRYING ON HOW THE ASCANIA DID IT

Third Officer Pollitt and the Fellowship of the Seas

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE

Here are two scenes from the life of England.

One is in the Mansion House on a sunny afternoon, the other in the North Atlantic at night with a gale raging.

Into the Mansion House, where the acting Lord Mayor sat waiting, came two ship's officers of the Mercantile Marine, Captain Bisset of the Ascania and his Junior Third Officer Ernest Pollitt. Captain Bisset, square-headed and stiff built, stood as if on his own bridge, young Mr Pollitt was as embarrassed as any schoolboy.

Yet these two brave men, the salt of the sea, had come as guests of honour. The Lord Mayor in ringing tones presently told them to their faces why, and as his tale went on the younger man seemed overcome with confusion.

In Unabating Seas

He was listening to his share of the story of that December night in the Atlantic. There was a small steamer, the Usworth, in dire distress, almost sinking. In response to her SOS a Belgian steamer, the Jean Jadot, and Captain Bisset's vessel the Ascania had come to her help.

The Ascania came up just before daylight, and Captain Bisset, having by fine seamanship manoeuvred his own vessel to within 100 feet of the Usworth, decided that there was nothing to be done except to send the lifeboat to her through the unabating seas.

Young Mr Pollitt was in charge of the boat and nine seamen manned her. They got alongside and rescued the nine men remaining on the sinking ship.

A Magnificent Job

That is the story in brief, and when the Lord Mayor had told it to the listening audience he presented a rose-bowl to the Captain and a silver cup to the Third Officer. But there was something yet to come, and that was what the Captain had to say in returning thanks. His own position, he declared, was one of anxiety rather than danger. But Mr Pollitt did a magnificent job. There was Captain Gonthier of the Jean Jadot also. Think what he went through in the 70 hours before the last man was taken off from the Usworth! And Captain Reed of the Usworth, the last man to leave it, took an oar and helped to pull back to the Ascania.

Third Officer Pollitt, having to speak, pulled himself together and said:

We simply endeavoured to carry on the traditions of the Service to the best of our ability.

Such is the fellowship of the seas.

THE LONELY MAN ON EVEREST

Found 21,000 Feet Up SAD FATE OF A DARING ADVENTURER

With his notebook and a roll of films beside him, a daring young Englishman has been found dead over 21,000 feet up Mount Everest.

He was Captain Maurice Wilson, and it was in May last year that he waved farewell to three native porters who had accompanied him to Camp 3 and set out alone to attempt a feat which had proved beyond the powers of a highly-organised expedition. Though ordered to return, the porters waited for him a month before sadly making their way back to civilisation.

Captain Wilson had flown a Gipsy Moth to India in 1933, intending to land on the highest peak in the world and plant a Union Jack there. But the independent King of Nepal forbade him to fly over his State, so the airman sold his machine and resolved to try on foot.

Having trained himself to live on dates and cereals, he assumed the disguise of an Indian porter and, engaging three natives to carry his food and equipment, made his way unchallenged up the slopes of Everest.

His body has now been found by a party preparing the way for a new attempt to scale the mountain next year. They buried it reverently in a crevasse, and raised a cairn as a memorial to this most heroic (if most reckless) adventurer.

THE SEA GIVES BACK THE LOST

A Mystery of Midsummer THREE MONTHS ON AN ISLAND

Here is a story of a shipwreck with a happy ending.

The Indian Ocean has given back the captain and the 67 men of his crew who disappeared when the sailing ship *Diego* foundered just before Midsummer Day.

The ship struck a reef among the Chagos Archipelago, a small island group with a history of many shipwrecks. Nobody in the outside world knew what had happened. The ship had simply disappeared, though there was no hint of any unusual storm at that time of year along the route she was taking. It seemed as if she had vanished without a trace and her loss must be accounted as one of the mysteries of the sea.

But the owners of the ship, hoping against hope, chartered a cargo liner, *Clan Macphee*, to make a search about the Chagos Archipelago, and now the news has come from the salvage ship that the whole crew is safe, having been marooned on Eagle Island for nearly three months.

Eagle Island is marked only on Admiralty charts, and the tale of how the crew managed to exist on it after having reached it in their boats is one that has yet to be told.

THANKS TO MUSSOLINI

Notice to cease work has been given to 3800 miners in Durham, the reason being given as slackness of trade owing to the Abyssinia dispute.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL		
Sunshine . . . 191 hrs.	Southampton 3'70 ins.		
Rainfall . . . 2 ins.	Gorleston . . 1'53 ins.		
Dry days . . . 24	Birmingham 2'16 ins.		
Wet days . . . 7	Falmouth . . 4'01 ins.		
Warmest day . . 8th	Chester . . 1'42 ins.		
Coollest day . . 30th	Tynemouth 1'69 ins.		
Wettest day . . 30th	Aberdeen . . 2'36 ins.		

PLANE CUT IN TWO

Growing Peril of the Air COLLISION AT A FLYING CIRCUS

One of the most tragic air disasters ever known has occurred at Blackpool, where Sir Alan Cobham's Air Circus was giving exhibitions of flying.

While four planes were making a formation flight near Blackpool Tower, at a height of 1000 feet, an air-screw of a Westland Wessex machine struck a small Avro plane and cut it in two. The two parts of the Avro crashed in the sight of thousands of holiday makers, falling hundreds of yards apart and killing the pilot and two sisters who were up for a joy ride.

A house was struck by the falling plane, which narrowly missed two crowds standing by at the bus and railway stations. It appears to have been by the narrowest chance that so many people waiting for buses and trains escaped from the wreck of the plane, and another miraculous chance appears to have saved the second plane, which had the pilot and four passengers on board, for a piece of wood from the Avro passed within a few inches of the pilot's head.

SWITZERLAND STANDS FIRM

Sunday's Referendum

The people of Switzerland have just decided by a big majority that they have no desire to tear up their Constitution and ask Parliament to prepare another.

Under the Constitution as it is a referendum can be held to decide on revision if 50,000 voters ask for it. The 50,000 in this case belonged to many parties and many Cantons, but the prime movers in the demand for a change were the Frontists, as the Fascists and Nazis are called in Switzerland.

Early this year the Supreme Court upheld a Cantonal decision that Fascist military bodies were dangerous to the State, and forbade them. This new referendum was doubtless a more subtle method of bringing about a constitutional battle during which they hoped to strengthen their power in the State; but it has failed. Switzerland stands firm as her mountains.

POLAND POLLS

A General Election in Poland on Sunday, in which only one in three of the electors voted, has given the Government a great majority. The sale of alcohol was prohibited on election day.

SHALL LAW OR CRIME RULE THE WORLD?

Continued from page one

she chose for the security of her colonies and the safeguarding of her interests.

Professor Jeze, representing Abyssinia, replied to the charges, declaring that they were mere pretexts for an attack on that country, and the first day's meeting then ended. Baron Aloisi afterwards met a group of journalists, to whom he declared that Italy had outlawed Abyssinia, and that she would insist on until granted 100 per cent of her demands.

Whatever may be the outcome of the events of these last few days, it is not to be denied that (in spite of Italy's childish refusal to sit with the Abyssinian Delegate) the hope has been strengthened that the League is by no means doomed to collapse even if Mussolini proceeds with his mad adventure.

Beginning by defying the League, he step by step accepted its decisions and acknowledged its influence, and it became clear day by day that, though he was willing to defy the moral rights of Abyssinia, he was less willing to defy the moral authority of the League.

He may have a million men under arms, he may want a fight that he can boast of to his people, he may have greater ambitions than Italy yet realises, but slowly he is coming to realise that the opposition of the League is not an

A PUBLIC PATH ROUND ENGLAND

Fine Idea From the British Association

GREAT CHANCE FOR RICH MEN

It has been suggested at the British Association meetings at Norwich that all the cliff lands of our English coast should be made public and not enclosed by private lands or gardens.

Already an Act exists securing the right of public access to cliffs not already enclosed in 1932, but Dr Vaughan Cornish pleads that all private lands should be set back from the cliff, and that the nation should obtain ownership of a strip 100 yards wide and 500 miles long right round the English coast. The land would equal 20,000 acres and at £100 an acre the cost would be about £2,000,000.

Is that not an excellent opportunity for a few of our millionaires to distinguish themselves and win the gratitude of our people?

EVOLUTION AND A BEETLE

Is Darwinism Shaken?

One of the most remarkable suggestions made at the British Association this year is that Darwin's theory of Evolution may be shaken by a water-beetle.

The suggestion was made by the President of the Zoology Section, Professor Balfour-Browne. He has long studied water-beetles, and is not sure that the struggle for existence among them is as severe as Darwin supposed.

He believes that choice plays a great part in their lives, and that the migrating beetle chooses its new home and does not go to the first water it finds—that is to say, that it acts from choice and not only because the struggle for existence drives it.

GERMANY IN THE 20th CENTURY

A court of law at Breslau has decided that it is a crime against the race whenever friendly contact can be proved between an Aryan and a person of alien race, particularly a Jew.

If this decision is put into force it will mean that a mere friendly word to a Jew can only be spoken at the risk of arrest.

empty thing. Even though the League should not resort to the extreme act of war, its power against a nation which defies it is tremendous, and to Mussolini it may spell the difference between failure and success.

The definite step taken by the League last week was the appointment of a council of five representing France, Britain, Poland, Spain, and Turkey, and they are examining the whole case to seek a peaceful settlement. It is certain that the settlement they will propose would give Italy more immediately than war could give her in a generation, and the alternative before Mussolini is a devastating war with the risk of ruin and the loss of her good name, or a peace with the goodwill of the world and a great opportunity for expansion.

It is said that Mussolini has gone too far to go back, but that is true of little men only, and it is even yet not impossible that he may decide to boast proudly to his people that by a great show of strength he has won a fine victory without shedding one drop of blood.

It is the hope of the world that it may be so, and should it be so the League will have set itself more firmly than ever in the seat of power and in the hearts of men, and Law instead of Crime will be ruling the world.

THE WISE PHYSICIAN

LOOKING BACK AT 90

Sir Thomas Barlow and His Work For the World

GIVING HIS BIRTHDAY AWAY

White-haired, white-bearded, Sir Thomas Barlow looks with kindly eyes through his gold-rimmed spectacles on a world he first knew 90 years ago.

He can look back with the same shrewd, observant gaze on many days well spent, for it is 70 years since he came from Lancashire to London as a medical student, and in that time there have been thousands who have blessed his knowledge and understanding.

How He Made His Name

If a search for his distinctions is made, the most resounding of them appears to be that he has been doctor to Queen Victoria and to King Edward and is physician to King George and his household. We may add that the Royal Society has made him one of its Fellows and that his brothers in medicine at home and abroad have ever been eager to confer on him the highest honours their profession bestows.

But among these unsought honours one that catches the eye of the C.N. is that he is Consulting Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. Nobody in his time has done more for the health of the child. More than half a century ago, when he was little known, he made his name by his inquiries about rickets and scurvy. He was the first to distinguish between them, and one form of scurvy among children is named after him.

Much has been made known since about these afflictions as about others, and Sir Thomas has taken a continual share in advancing knowledge. None knows better than he the importance of right living and right feeding, and other workers in the field where he was a pioneer have shown that both scurvy and rickets are the consequences of improper food and insufficient light and air.

His Gift To Wendover

During his long life he has given of himself freely to his fellow-men, and he is still so young at 90 that we might say "to his fellow-children." His 90th birthday showed best the man he is, for the chief present which celebrated it was one he made himself. He is one of those who like to give their birthdays away, and he gave to Wendover, where he lives on his farm, a five-acre recreation ground, with a pond, and with enclosures reserved for children.

It is a gift which will long be remembered and long be enjoyed in this little Buckinghamshire town, keeping Sir Thomas Barlow's memory green.

THINGS SAID

I pin my faith in ordinary people. The experts have failed us.

Mr George Lansbury, M.P.

No one should drive after attending cocktail parties.

Admiral Chambers

As for man, his meat, drink, and life are bound up with the grasses.

President of British Association

He bought 120 pairs of soles at Billingsgate because they were cheap.

Miss Farjeon on her father

Population difficulties cry for international action if they are not to be solved by force.

The Times

An authority has calculated that one in three in this country is afflicted with deafness.

Dr Scott Stevenson

The answer to the present world crisis lies in a change in men through new spiritual power. President of Switzerland

September 14, 1935

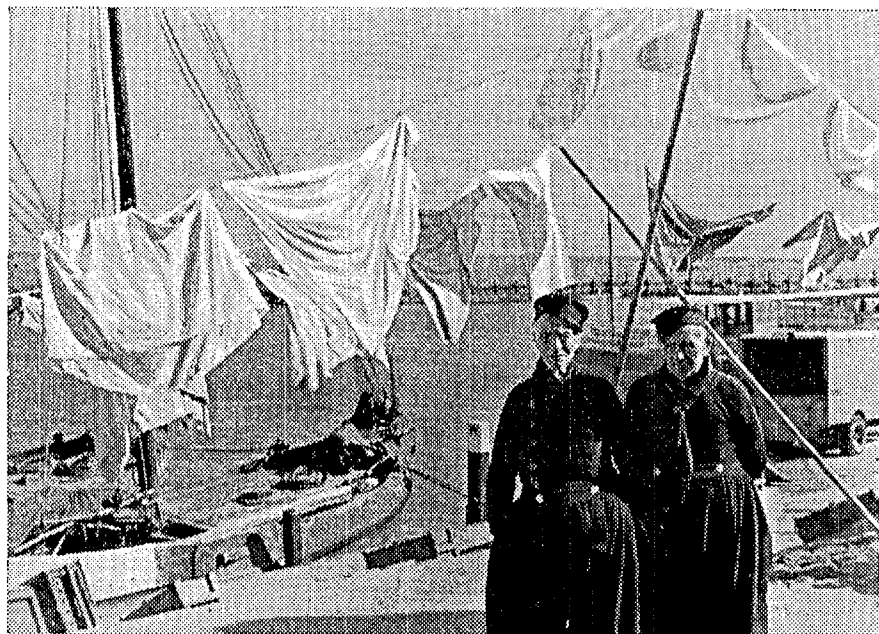
The Children's Newspaper

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BLEACHING IRISH LINEN · A ZOO BABY · BUS GOES ABOARD



Bleaching Linen—Lengths of the famous Irish linen being laid out on the grass at Muckamore in County Antrim.



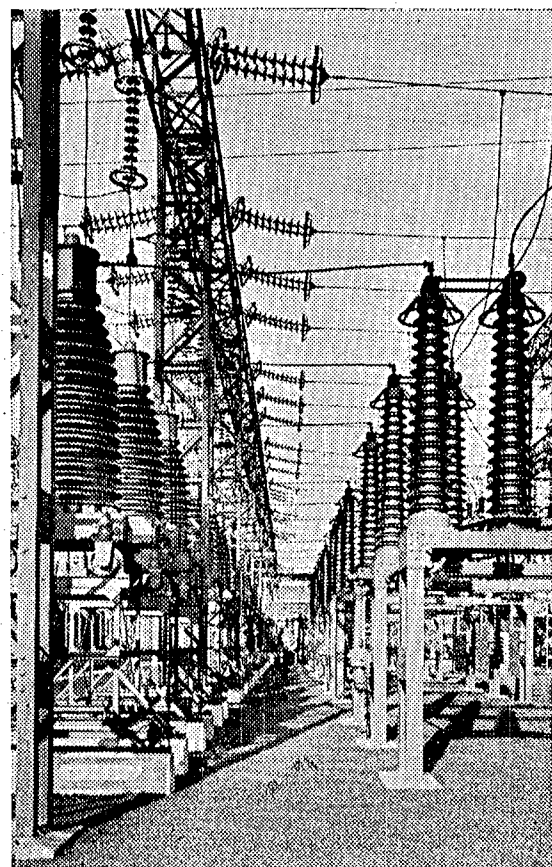
Washing Day—A homely scene at a Dutch fishing-port when the week's washing is hung out to dry along the quay.



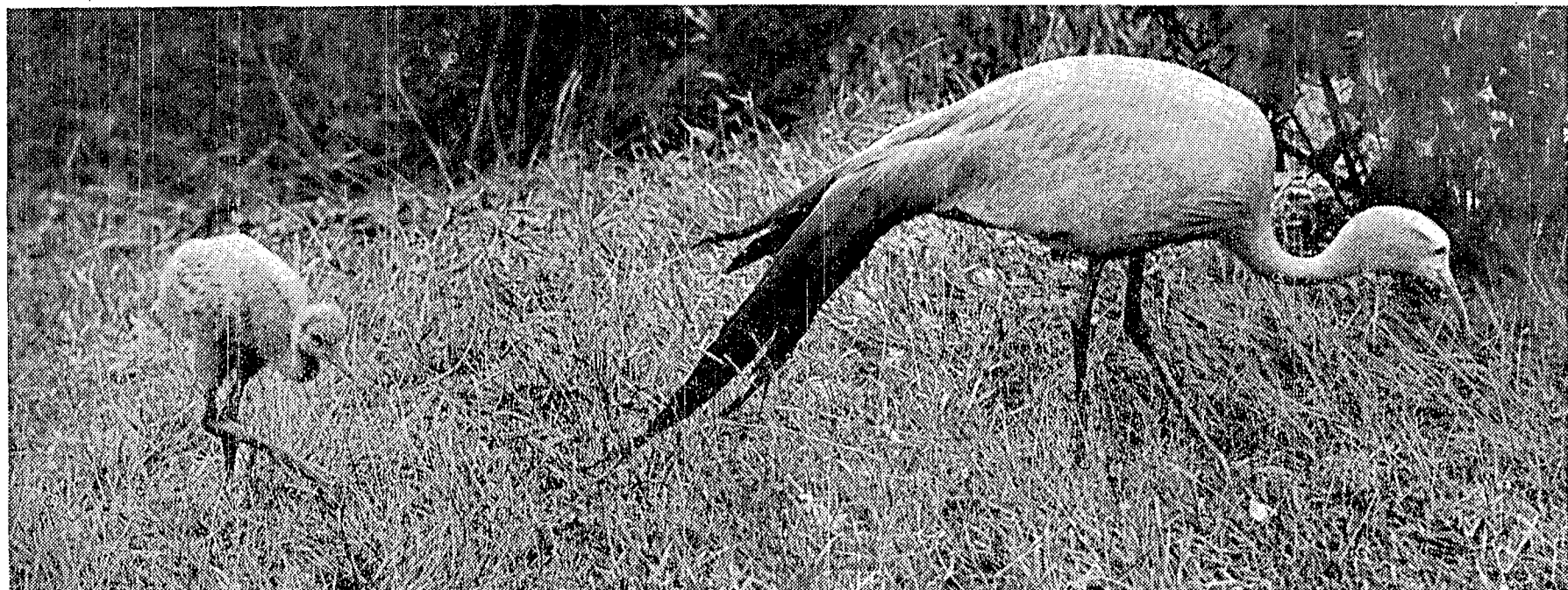
A Bus Goes Aboard—A long journey lies before this bus. It is one of a consignment of all-steel trolley buses made in England for Cape Town, and here we see it being hauled aboard ship in one of the London docks.



The Climbers—The view to be obtained of the surrounding country is ample reward for all who make the strenuous climb up the slopes of Ben lme, high above the road between Arrochar and Inveraray.



An Avenue of Power—There is something symbolical of the Electric Age in this striking picture of a transformer station in Germany. In our own country similar stations are to be seen at various points of the great Grid System.



A Zoo Baby—The first Stanley crane to be bred at the London Zoo is here seen following its mother round the enclosure. The chick is nearly two months old.

GOOD NEWS FOR A BLACK AREA And a Great Hope For Us All

Eagerly we must grasp at every hope that Britain may be able, sooner or later, to extract all the petrol she needs from her own coal and thus become independent of sea-borne supplies while restoring employment to her miners.

The concern extracting oil from coal at Seaham Harbour (Coal and Iron Industries, Limited) has decided to duplicate its works.

The original plant is so far advanced that the carbonisation battery has been started; the first unit will be in full production very soon. The plant will use about 500 tons of coal a day and produce yearly about 4,000,000 gallons of motor-spirit, 4,000,000 gallons of Diesel oil, and 100,000 tons of smokeless fuel, besides valuable by-products.

Seaham Harbour is delighted. There are already 700 men at work, and to double this number would give new life to the district.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE

Housewives and Downing Street. By Joanna Bright. Nicholson and Watson. 2s.

Into this little book of less than 100 pages the author has crammed glowing panegyrics of all the good deeds of the National Government since it came into power.

The book shows the high social standard reached in this year of grace thanks to the devoted work of all Parties since the war. The chapter on Our Children is an example, and the campaign to improve the physical condition of schoolchildren and the good work of the Juvenile Courts are excellently described.

We like, too, the generous tribute to our Minister of Transport, and we cannot praise too highly the views on Peace.

The present position of employment, housing, and slum clearance is set out with valuable tables of figures, while there is a chapter on the importance of the City and its banks.

GIANT GENERATORS An Electric Nation

The Electricity Board continues to press on with great electrical developments.

Giant generators, ranging in power from 20,000 to 50,000 kilowatts, are being planned for many centres, involving a capital expenditure approaching £10,000,000.

At Portsmouth £300,000 is to be spent on a 30,000-kilowatt generator and its boilers. At Liverpool the expenditure on a 50,000-kilowatt plant will be £700,000.

These transformations mean much to our industrial power and more to social comfort and public health.

SCHOOL NEWS

Falling-Off in Recruits For Industry

The Education Report for 1934 tells us that there were 5,576,752 children in elementary schools last year, with 173,906 teachers. Secondary schools had 448,421 pupils, a great increase.

Employers are warned to expect a falling-off in new recruits for industry. For one thing, fewer children are being born, and the school population is falling.

The remarkable increase in attendance at secondary and central schools is also affecting industry, for it tends to attract children into commerce. The bright boy thinks he sees a better chance in life by refusing to become a "manual worker."

TOO MANY YOUNG OFFENDERS

The Home Office official record of crime for 1933, just issued, again shows an increase in the proportion of juvenile offenders.

There were 62,600 persons found guilty, and 43 in every 100 were not over 21. Nearly one in four was under 16, and an increase is notable in the convictions of children under 14.

It is suggested that unemployment and a fall in pocket-money may partly account for the increase in young thieves. It is a sad story, and one that calls for serious attention.

ARGENTINA'S CASE British Settlers Hit

The British settlers in Argentina who produce food for the British market are naturally opposed to the policy of preferring Dominion produce.

One of them, a British-born subject, points out that "our numbers are greater than those similarly occupied in Australia, while our capital invested in freehold land and cattle must be overwhelmingly greater."

He also urges that Argentina's doors have never been closed to British subjects, and, although this can hardly be said of manufactured goods, there is little doubt that a fair interchange of trade could be negotiated.

A tax of five farthings a pound on Argentine beef represents about 45 per cent of the value of steers delivered at the freezing works, which if realised must spell ruin for many Argentine ranchmen, especially those who own the land they work.

IS THE AMERICAN TIDE TURNING?

There is evidence that business in America is decidedly on the move.

A notable sign is the revival in building. In New York in the first six months of last year the building plans passed were 862, valued at 10 million dollars. This year in the same period the number was 1998, valued at 27 million dollars.

A real American recovery would raise the price of many products to a profitable level and promote world recovery.

QUIETER RAILWAYS

The railway reformers are now tackling noise in earnest.

Rubber tyres are being used for platform barrows. Engine-drivers are cautioned about blowing off steam unnecessarily. Banging and bawling at night are forbidden.

The roof of Leipzig main railway station is to be an aerodrome.

The Shell Transport Company paid last year £57,000,000 in taxes and duties to various countries, and only £9,000,000 to its own shareholders.

MIRACLES ARE CHEAP TODAY Home Movies For Tenpence

The name for cheap stores in America is the Five and Ten, meaning five and ten cents, though many articles are sold in them costing twenty cents, or tenpence in English money.

The very latest of these is a real kinematograph projector, which gives moving pictures on a safety film by its own electric light. A new lamp costs twopence halfpenny! Remarkably good little moving pictures can be displayed with these projectors, and their invention is of very real interest.

The two new films which enable amateur photographers to take home moving pictures in natural colours have given a tremendous stimulus to domestic kinematography, and the little tenpenny marvels are just one more step toward an age in which the film will reign supreme in the fields of both entertainment and education.

THE WAY OUT OF TROUBLE

A small town in Saskatchewan has tried a fine experiment, which has succeeded well.

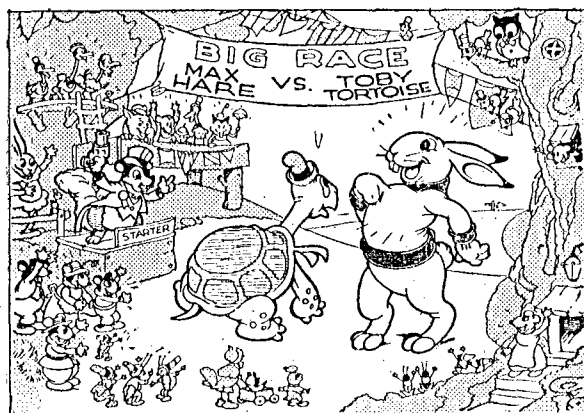
Certain merchants being in arrears with taxes, owing to the fact that farmers could not pay their bills, the town of Eaton thought the matter over and hit on a plan. They wanted two streets gravelled, and the farmers hauled the gravel. The town then credited the merchants with the value of the farmer's services, so that the farmer cleared his debt, the merchant was relieved of his taxes, the town got the new roads, and not a dollar had changed hands.

SAFETY GAS FOR THE SAFE

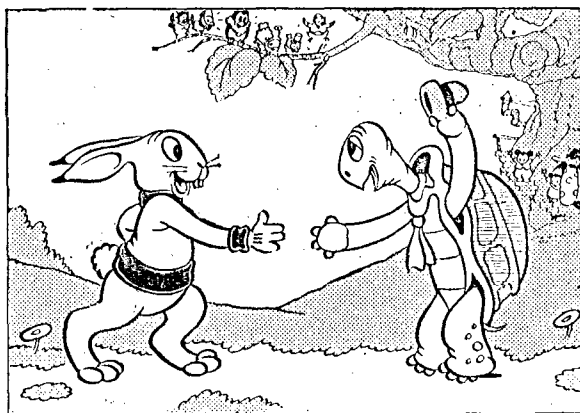
A new trap for the safe-breaker has been devised by a Budapest policeman.

It is a gas container fitted into the doors of safes. When the burglar's tool penetrates the safe door it also pierces the container, and the gas, which is a secret one, hisses out, and is so powerful that it overcomes the burglar immediately, a few whiffs being strong enough to send the culprit to sleep for hours.

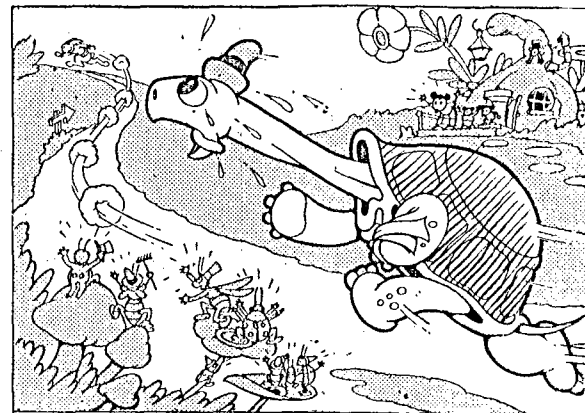
ALL THE COUNTRY TO SEE THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE, WALT DISNEY'S SILLY SYMPHONY



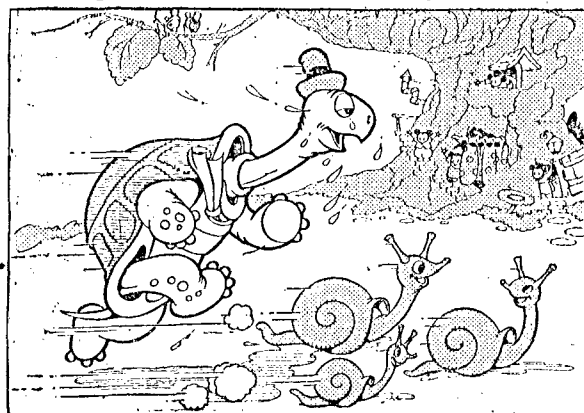
From far and wide the little people come to see the big race between Max Hare and Toby Tortoise



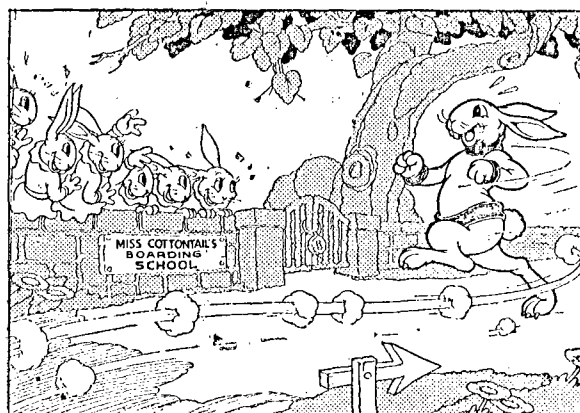
"Shake hands with the winner," says Max before the race begins. "Just wait and see," replies Toby



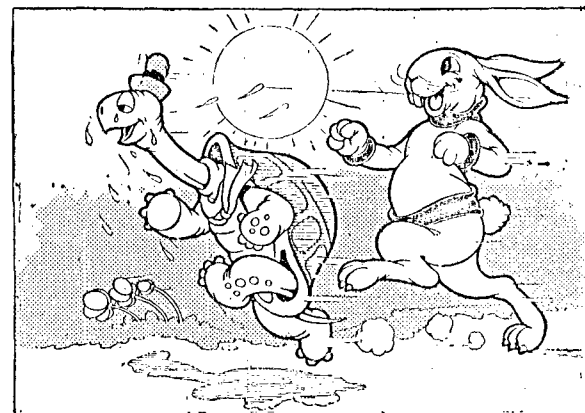
When the starting gun sounds Max Hare is off like a flash, but Toby takes things steadily



The Snail family offer to set the pace for Toby Tortoise

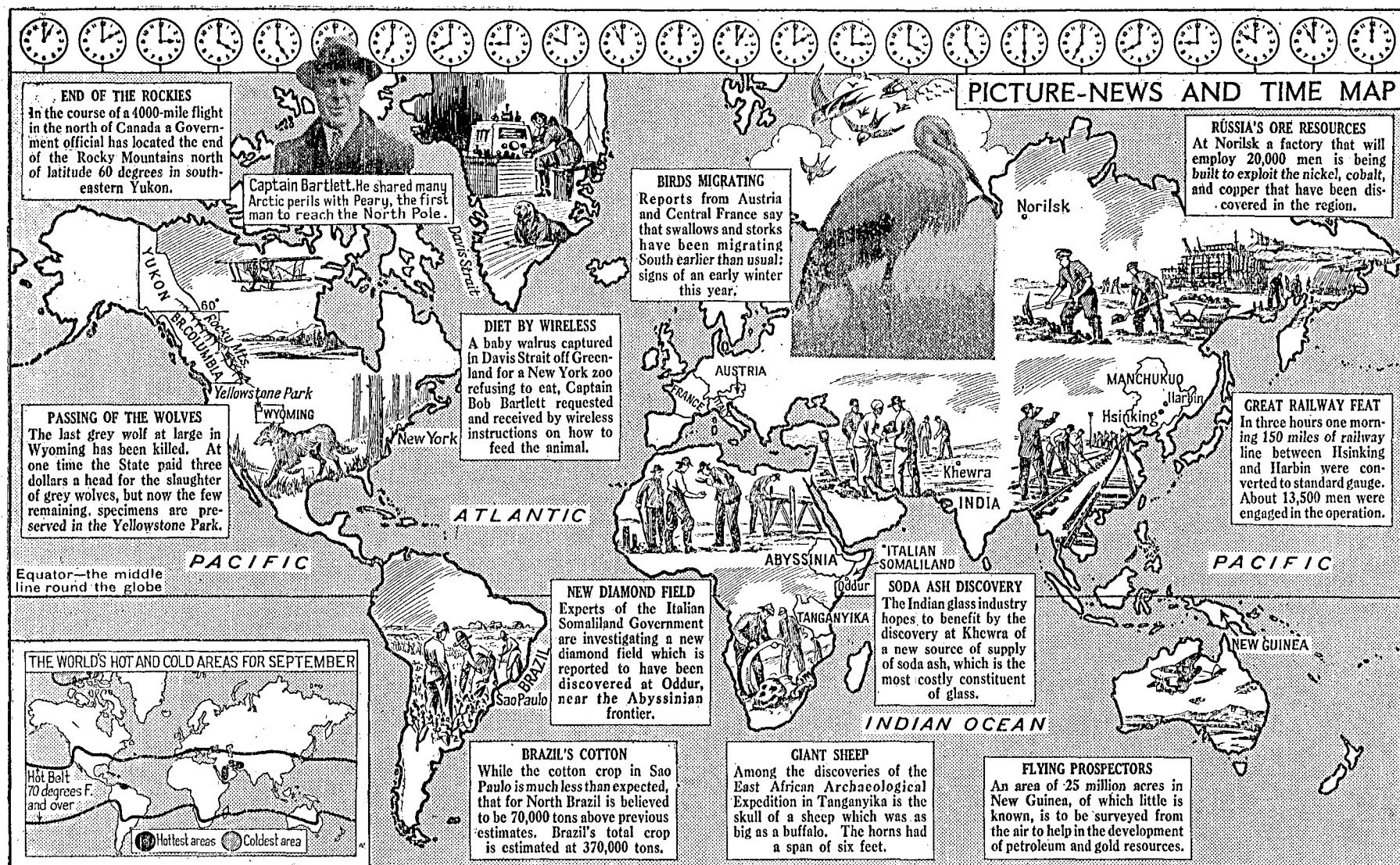


Max doubles back to show off before Miss Cottontail's school



Toby, turning not to right or left, plods on and wins.

Walt Disney's Tortoise and Hare are released for their run through the country this week after having delighted London.



A STEPPING-STONE IN WIRELESS

New Telephone Advance

An interesting mixture of ultra-short wave wireless and land-line telephony, operating together quite automatically, has recently been put to work in the United States.

The ordinary telephone line from Boston, running along the coast, is linked up at a point called Green Harbour, and here the messages are transferred from the line to ultra-short wave wireless and cross the sea to Provincetown on the other side of Cape Cod Bay.

The wavelength used is about five metres, and both transmitting and receiving instruments are self-contained in small metal houses mounted on poles. If someone wants to speak across the sea the telephone operator inserts a cord into a special jack on his switch-board and the message automatically carries on from the land-line telephone to the short-wave transmitter.

The success of the system is likely to lead to the use of many more automatic wire-wireless telephones where land-lines and wireless can be linked together.

LORRY-JUMPING

Could the A A Help?

One of the greatest dangers of the roads is one of the most familiar—the case of the boys who steal rides at the back of lorries and vans.

An inquest at Southwark showed how three boys were thrown off a lorry when the tailboard gave way. One was killed outright by a following lorry which could not avoid him.

The police can do little in such cases, for if they shout to boys on the tails of vans the urchins, in dropping off suddenly to run away, may become casualties. All we can do is to warn boys against the dangers of a very foolish practice, and motorists may perhaps do much by warning drivers as they pass. It seems possible that the A A might devise some way of doing this effectively.

ROMAN ROADS

6000 Miles of Autostrada

Italy gave a lead to the world in building special roads for motorists, and her example has been followed in Germany.

These new Roman roads should not be confused with the arterial roads which have made havoc of so much British scenery. The Autostrada (as Italy calls them) are beautiful and made with notable thoroughness.

The work is the more remarkable because of the mountainous and hilly character of Italy. Viaducts and tunnels have frequently to be made. There are now 6000 miles of such roads in Italy, all made during the past ten years.

These special roads pay because motorists are glad to pay to use them.

FRIENDS IN SOFIA

Nearly 40,000 young people met in Sofia the other day for gymnastic contests.

Most of them were members of a Bulgarian athletic organisation, but there were about 7000 guests from Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. All these visitors were most warmly welcomed and their leaders received by King Boris, who gave them his message of goodwill toward their countries.

For a week Sofia was on holiday and the streets were gay with flags and cheerful with the questionings with which acquaintances begin. It augurs well for the future of these neighbouring countries that their young people have learned to play the game and win or lose in good humour.

Picture on page 9

FRUIT TREES FOR ALL

The question of planting fruit trees for free public use has been often mooted, and it has been put into practice in the little Hungarian town of Győr.

A Mrs Hille has planted 600 fruit trees in the streets and squares to afford free food for the poor.

It seems that by small public enterprise the roads of a nation could be lined with fruit trees from which all could help themselves without stint.

MADINGLEY MILL

Restoring an Old Landmark

Old Ellington Mill near Huntingdon, which was old when Oliver Cromwell was young, is to have a second life.

Its oak timbers and its sails, each 30 feet long, are to be transported to Madingley, there to be set up again on new foundations, and to restore to Cambridge a landmark older even than that of Ellington.

Madingley Mill had stood on its hill three miles from Cambridge centuries before Rupert Brooke wrote of the enchanting view from Grantchester:

*And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley.*

Charles Kingsley put its foundation as far back as the Conquest, and in Hereward the Wake pictured the Conqueror riding out to it from Cambridge to view from there the tower of Ely. On a clear day the Cathedral is easily seen fifteen miles away above the cornfields.

But Madingley Mill's framework, or what was left of it, was blown down in a July gale in 1909, and its oak timbers so shattered that it could not be restored.

After 26 years they are to be replaced by those of Ellington Mill. The site is being prepared, and when winter comes and spring is not far behind the sails will be spinning 60 feet above the ground.

MR MORGAN MORGAN

Sixty years ago a little boy of ten went down a coalmine in Wales, and everyone expected that he would end as he began, a miner like his father.

But the boy, who was called Morgan Morgan, hated the black pit, and to escape from it he spent his leisure in educating himself. It must have seemed wonderful to his neighbours in the colliery village to learn one day that Morgan Morgan had been called to the Bar.

He has just died. We remember him not only as a well-known barrister, but as the founder of the Institute of Patentees, a man as different as can be from the poor little chap who went sadly down into the dark mine 60 years ago.

EXILE RETURNS TO A KENT VILLAGE

A Bible Comes Home

Once upon a time Eastry Church near Dover had a rare edition of the Bible printed in 1717 and known as the Vinegar Bible because of a printer's error which turned the Parable of the Vineyard into the Parable of the Vinegar.

The Bible disappeared. A few weeks ago a gentleman was looking round a second-hand shop at Bishops Stortford when he saw an old Bible there. He picked it up and found the name of Eastry Church inside. After buying it for 30s he offered it to the church for the same price, and very thankful the officials were.

In the 17th century there were several Bibles misprinted. One edition even promised that the unrighteous should inherit the Kingdom of God. It is strange that nonsense should be more valuable than sense, and that Bibles containing errors should be worth more in the shops than perfect copies.

WHY 6202 IS INTERESTING

Our First Turbine Locomotive

The first British turbine locomotive is reported from Crewe. She is numbered 6202 and is to work between Crewe and Euston.

Although she is so unconstitutional from an engineering point of view her general appearance is not much different from that of an ordinary express engine. The drive from the turbine being direct on to the driving wheels no machinery save the coupling rods is visible outside the engine. Another departure from standard practice is the provision of a double chimney and a small radiator mounted under the smoke-box door.

The advantages claimed for turbine drive are evenness of rotation, giving smooth starting and stopping and rapid acceleration, and the possibility of reduction in maintenance in both engine and track by the abolition of vibration.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 14 1935

The Open Door

IN these fateful days, with Peace and War in the balance, one more reminder of the true way to peace comes into the news.

As in Africa and North America, soil drift on a great scale is reported from Australia.

In South Australia, as elsewhere, there has been rapid exploitation accompanied by destruction of bush and tree. With the removal of surface vegetation the wind is free to blow away the precious soil. Thousands of miles have been devastated, some reduced to desert.

All these are matters of world concern. The useful area of the world is about 34 million square miles out of a total of 56 million square miles of land, and much of the 34 millions is poor material. The time has come for the world to use its limited resources without waste, and measures of concerted conservation are called for.

Engaged in such joint operations the world would find peace. Now the nations struggle for a share of the common inheritance even while so much is idle or wasted. By concerted effort they could help each other to wealth.

This is the true and legitimate warfare—war on waste, on poverty, on ignorance. It calls for the exertion of every human faculty—invention, courage, endurance, skill, with goodwill at the back of them all.

They are right, therefore, who deduce from the petty struggles of the moment, complicated by national prejudices and possessions, the need for a great World Plan. To glance from one part of the world to another is to see striking contrasts between demand and supply: here men longing for land to use, there men wasting what they have.

We rejoice to see that the conception of justly sharing the world, long advanced in these pages, is gaining ground, and that now many authoritative voices are raised to plead for opportunity for all men. Once raised the issue cannot be avoided. Let us not seek to avoid it, for it illuminates the path to peace.

History shows that nations in the past had unequal opportunities arising out of geographical and unalterable conditions. For example the German States were for the most part landlocked and their people could not be expected to become seamen. It followed that they were not colonisers. We cannot fairly deny opportunity to nations who have thus suffered.

The whole question may be summed up in a phrase: Open the Door. Let the gates of enterprise be opened to all men, and peace will become a matter of course.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Life is Sweet, Motorist

THE highway was full of "riders to the sea," some in cars, some on foot, others on bicycles.

A bicycle tandem was among them; on it rode a young couple with a baby tucked into a small chair.

Behind them they had hung a placard bearing this inscription: *Dear, kind motorists, please do not bump into us and kill us. Life is so sweet!*

A Dream of the Future

THERE is talk of forming in Paris a Zone of Silence in which the residents would agree to keep no wireless sets, no gramophones, and no dogs.

Commenting on this a contributor to the Figaro writes:

I imagine sometimes a contrivance to absorb noise, a kind of reversed wireless set which would distribute a silence that one would be able to make deeper and deeper, and in which one would be enveloped as by the night. It is a dream.

Perhaps it is also a possibility: who knows?

The 7000 Who Have Not Bowed the Knee

HISTORY has been called an excellent cordial for drooping spirits just because it reminds men that the Ahabs and Jezebels of this world do not ultimately matter as much as do the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. After all, the issue between Christ and Caesar is very old, and the Galilean has conquered again and again.

President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge

Cook

AT least life need not be dull. We hear from a lady who has been interviewing cooks that one of them, asking how far the house was from the station, suggested that perhaps she might have a horse.

The Crow and the Heron

WE have just heard the story of a crow and a heron which used to come to a certain place each day.

One day the crow came alone and the lady of the house threw out to it a small fish.

The crow waited a little while and then flew away and returned with the heron.

The story is quite true.

A Word From Shakespeare

To Mussolini

We charge you, in the name of God, take heed; For never two such kingdoms did contend Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops Are every one a woe, a sore complaint 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords That make such waste in brief mortality.

Henry the Fifth

A New Use For Mr Punch

A REPORT comes from Germany that Punch and Judy shows are being used in the schools to teach English and French!

The famous puppets make their exchanges in the foreign tongue and the children delightedly follow it. Presumably the drama must be varied from time to time to convey new words and idioms.

Let us hope that this story may be accepted as a sign that our friends the Germans are recovering their sense of humour!

Tip-Cat



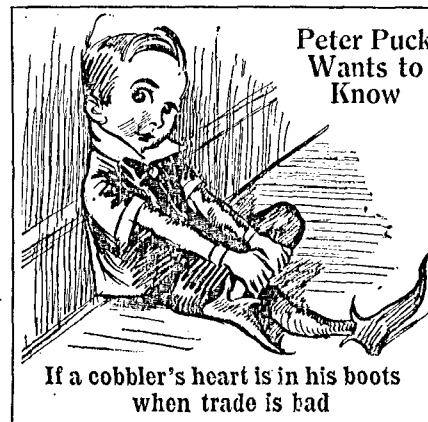
CYCLISTS protest against having special paths. Yet they want their own way.

A HEAD-MISTRESS must be fair, says a writer. Dark ones need not apply.

A CHILD in the house is a better tonic than a bottle of medicine. And sometimes should be well shaken?

PUNTING requires a steady nerve. And plenty of push.

A MAN says he soon runs through money. Must be paper money.



MOSQUITOES attack more blondes than brunettes. Like a light meal.

ILLEGIBLE handwriting sometimes reveals brains. But not what the writer has to say.

A FRUITERER's stall was overturned in Whitechapel. His sales fell off.

WE all have our early memories, says a speaker. Not if we get up late.

FACES, like cars, says a writer, require a certain amount of upkeep. And sometimes may be improved by a new bonnet.



THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

SEVEN thousand pounds has been given anonymously to a Shropshire Hospital and Cripples College.

MR H. SUMNER, of Worcestershire, has given £10,000 for pensions for farmers families.

BUILDING in this country has reached the unprecedented figure of £120,000,000 a year.

JUST AN IDEA

Let us all remember that there can be no war without the will of the people.

If I Want To Be Happy

A street in London has been named after Harold Begbie, an old writer for the CN. This is the first poem he wrote for us.

If I want to be happy
And quick on my toes,
I must bite my food slowly
And breathe through my nose.

I must press back my shoulders
And hold up my head,
And not close my window
When going to bed.

I must soap my bath-flannel
And scrub all I know;
I must then take a towel
And rub till I glow.

I must never be idle
And loll in my chair;
Or shout like a demon
And act like a bear.

I must play and not fidget,
Read books and not flop!
Begin all with a purpose
And know when to stop.

I must love what is noble
And do what is kind;
I must strengthen my body
And tidy my mind.

Yes, if I would be healthy
And free from all cares
I must do all I've told you
And mean all my prayers.

She Remembered on Holiday

By The Pilgrim

WE thought she was never coming. For ten minutes or more we had waited outside the hotel, but we never thought of going down to the beach without her. She was the merriest of us all; and, as one of us remarked, she was worth waiting for.

At last she came. She was smiling as she came running down the steps, and she laughed at our battery of queries. What had she been doing all the time? How dare she keep us all waiting? She had been writing, had she? Not all the letters and cards she was carrying? Was she calling the entire constituency to a meeting? Didn't she know she was on holiday?

The truth came out bit by bit. She confessed she had been writing to a few people. "But you wouldn't know any of the people," she explained, reluctantly. "You see, before I came away I ran round to the infirmary and asked the matron for the names of patients who rarely get a letter or have few friends to visit them. I thought they might like a postcard; that is all."

And then she posted about 20.

Despair Not

Though now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair not because of defeat, Though lost for awhile be thy Heaven and weary of Earth be thy feet, For all shall be beauty about thee hereafter through sorrowful years And lovely the dew for thy chilling, and ruby thy heartdrip of tears.

A. E.

WELCOME TO THE ALL BLACKS

New Zealand Rugby Fifteen GREAT TRADITIONS

From the skies beneath the Southern Cross another team of stalwarts has arrived to teach the Old Country how to play the game.

The South Africans are going, the New Zealanders are about to begin, and if the footballers create as pleasant a record of good feeling, good humour, and the right way to attack and defend as the cricketers we shall not have to complain if they beat us.

They will have a good try, for they are a most powerful lot, especially among the heavy forwards, and both teams of New Zealanders that have been to this country before them have been formidable adversaries. The first New Zealand fifteen which came to Great Britain just 30 years ago was an eye-opener.

At that time the old system in Rugby football of playing three three-quarters behind the scrum had given place to the four three-quarters introduced by the Welsh fifteens which then dominated the field. Nobody supposed the New Zealanders had anything to teach England, Scotland, or Wales. They quickly shattered this agreeable belief. They ran through county and club fifteens, beat England and Scotland, and lost only to Wales by a try which long afterwards was a subject of dispute because many believed it should not have been counted.

The Wing Forward

But their chief contribution to the tactics of the game was the introduction of a wing forward who acted partly as a third half-back and partly as a free-lance rover. Their success was not due to this innovation, but the wing forward came to stay, and has been a part of the game among Rugby fifteens since.

Whether he has been an unmixed advantage is doubtful; but he brightened up the game when it needed brightening, and we may hope that at the present time, when, especially in international football, the game has fallen into a rut of scrambling scrummaging and spoiling, the New Zealanders will be able to show us something new in forward play.

Both their first team of 1905 and their second one of 1924 were hard nuts to crack, and they left behind them traditions of keenness, skill, and fair play which we are sure the present fifteen will continue.

A STREET NAMED AFTER HAROLD BEGBIE

Poet and C N Journalist

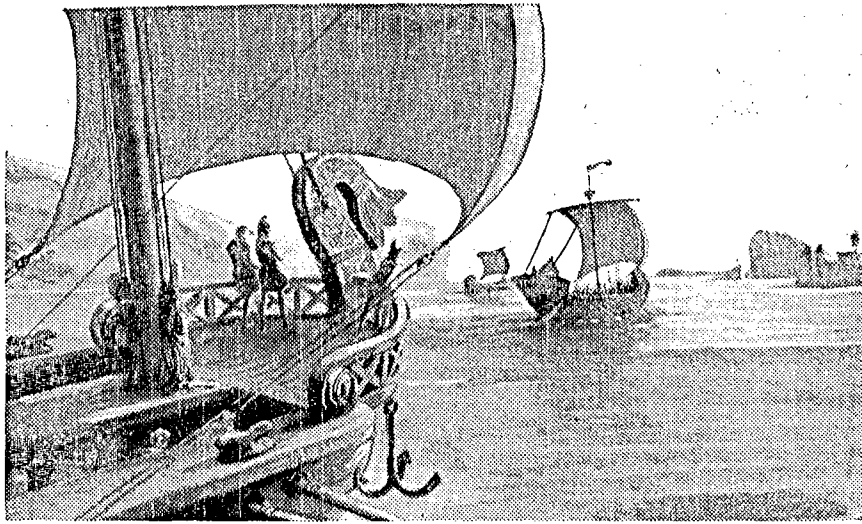
The C N has a special interest in an item of London County Council news this week.

The L C C has for many years been busy revising London's street names, and in the last five years over 150 names have been changed.

What interests the C N is that the book recording the changed names and the new names of the last five years shows that a street on a new estate near Shooter's Hill has been named Begbie Street after Harold Begbie.

He was known all over the world for his writings and was one of the first contributors to the C N. He it was who wrote for us the most widely quoted story that has appeared in any newspaper for many years past, the story of the Seventh Man, a remarkable incident in the life of the Prince of Wales. We give on another page the first poem of his that appeared in these columns; millions of copies of it have been printed.

THE COURAGE OF A RACE AFRAID



How the Greeks Went Out To Sea

WE live and learn. A writer in one of the grown-up papers has been calling Homer and his race of Greeks land-lubbers. Let us see if they deserve the cynic's taunt.

When Homer lived, nearly 3000 years ago, all the Greeks dreaded the sea, yet they sailed it in spite of its terrors. Whenever they could they kept land in sight, and drew up their little ships on the shore at night.

It was not that they were more afraid than our sailors are of storm and tempest as such; it was the imagined cause that so frightened them. Their religion taught them that the sea was the abode of angry spirits and supernatural monsters. Our precious James the First, when his bride was delayed by bad weather from crossing the sea, proved to his satisfaction that the storms were caused by witches. For the Greeks sea-storms were raised by gods and spirits, not witches—that was the only difference.

Greek sailors admitted their fear of the sea, but they mastered their fears and made their voyages, planted their

coastal colonies far and near, and spread a culture to which mankind is indebted to this day. Very frightened men did it, men who believed that an angered Neptune would drag them to the bottom, that the god of the winds might hurl their ships to destruction, sirens lure them to doom by their songs, whirlpools swallow their ships, or islands meet and crush them.

The Greeks believed this as fixedly as we believe that the tides ebb and flow, yet they braved it all.

Trembling and fearful these old mariners sailed, but they did sail. Believing that the Mediterranean countries were the whole Earth, with a vast and dreary sea surrounding it, with the sky touching the unknown waters with its extremities, with the equatorial zone all fire and the North and South all airless and frozen desert, they yet went about the world exploring. Life was very beautiful but very terrifying for the Greeks, and we do ill to sneer at them, for their courage, like their culture, has never been beaten in the world.

NATURE'S POWER PLANT CLOSING DOWN

THE mightiest power plant in the Northern Hemisphere is slowing down and about to come to rest. We do not hear it when it is working, so we shall not be conscious of its stopping, but power almost unthinkable is being turned off for a season.

This power is that of the engines which supply the leaves of trees with life-sustaining moisture. Trees have now made their growth for the year, so there remains little for the foliage to do but dress itself in rainbow tints, then fall in coloured glory, to help to make loam for next season's growths. The leaves no longer need their pumps.

Men make suction pumps which do wonders in raising water, but Professor Ursprung of Fribourg University, who has made a study of the subject, declares that the suction system of trees and plants is the most powerful in the world,

sometimes equalling 500 pounds to the square inch.

Such is the force exerted to raise fluid from the roots to the topmost twig of a lofty tree. Plant cells, he finds, are the most wonderful suction pumps yet revealed, natural or mechanical. The heart is a superb pump of a different type, but it works in pulses; the tree's pumps work steadily and continuously, the action being due to the suction power of sugar and other substances in the cell.

But there is not a dead level of force thus exerted; for some mysterious reason the pulling power varies as much as 75 pounds to the square inch on different sides of the same cell. Yet the effect is uniform, and the result is that splendour of green, now turning to scarlet, gold, and russet, which makes our land in autumn like an earthly paradise.

WHY GO SO FAST?

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL has added one more record to the Age of Speed by winging in his Bluebird over the Salt Lake at Utah at more than 301 miles an hour.

It is as certain as can be that the feat will stir the people who cannot hope to emulate it, moving them to go as fast as they can, and if possible faster than ever before. The craze has reached the railways, and the Great Western Railway celebrated its centenary by driving a railway train from London to Bristol at more than a mile a minute. Over some stretches the GWR Flyer reached 90 miles an hour.

That speed shrinks by comparison with Sir Malcolm Campbell's five miles a minute, and we cannot see what a

traveller gains by it. A comfortable long journey is far better than a journey made uncomfortable to save a few minutes.

Railways have a great asset in their long distance journeys, because they offer to their passengers a degree of comfort combined with reasonably high speed such as neither motor-coach nor motor-car can equal. What business man or tourist traveller would sacrifice the comfort and the pleasure of the passing landscape to save 20 minutes in a 100-mile journey?

We are reminded of the answer of the Japanese Ambassador in New York when told that by travelling by the elevated railway he would save two minutes. "What shall we do with it?" he asked.

THE MILLION- ACRE MAN

BOY WHO TAMED THE DESERT

One of the World's Biggest Landowners Has Passed Away 1000-MILE DRIVE TO MARKET

When Sir Sidney Kidman passed away from his holding of 26 million Australian acres it seemed as if an era in the story of the Dominion had passed with him.

More than half a century ago, when most Australians rode horses, this boy of 13 mounted his horse and went into the bush north of Adelaide to earn a living. There he began buying and selling horses and took the first step to making his fortune. He bought a stock farm. Land was cheap then; it is not dear now in that region of South Australia which a two-years drought will turn into something like a desert.

Determined To Go Up

His first farm, stocked with 1200 cattle which cost him a good deal more than the land, afforded him an experience which might have made anyone less determined give up stock-farming for ever. He left the farm to go away and buy another to add to his possessions, and when he came back all the cattle except two, which belonged to somebody else, were dead, caught in the drought.

But he expected ups and downs, and was determined to go up. He bought more land, stocked it, and went on adding square mile to square mile almost to the day of his death, when he was nearing 80.

Rightly regarded he was something more than the biggest landowner in the world. He was a man who taught by his example the lesson most needed by those who make Australia their home, which is that of bringing into cultivation and use its tremendous areas of barren lands.

A Hard Trek

Even after he became an old man he would go up to the back blocks where his stock farms lay and accompany his herds on the 1000-mile drive to market. It was and is often a hard and desperate trek, with the life of the herd and sometimes of its drivers dependent on finding water-holes by the way. He never shrank from the risk, and did not expect others to do so.

He did not farm or stock the whole of his millions of acres, but leased farms at a cheap rate to any who had the capital to stock them. If the rainfall proved favourable they might, like him, make a fortune; in a drought they might lose everything, as he had done at the beginning. They and he had to learn that while the many fail the few succeed; it is a hard and necessary lesson in a new country.

A WINDOW TO ELGAR

Influence of His Music

As a memorial of Elgar, the great composer, there has been unveiled in Worcester Cathedral a window showing episodes from The Dream of Gerontius, the poem by Cardinal Newman which inspired some of Elgar's greatest music?

Glowing with rich colour the beautiful window was dedicated at the Three Choirs Festival, and a performance was given of The Dream of Gerontius by a splendid orchestra and chorus.

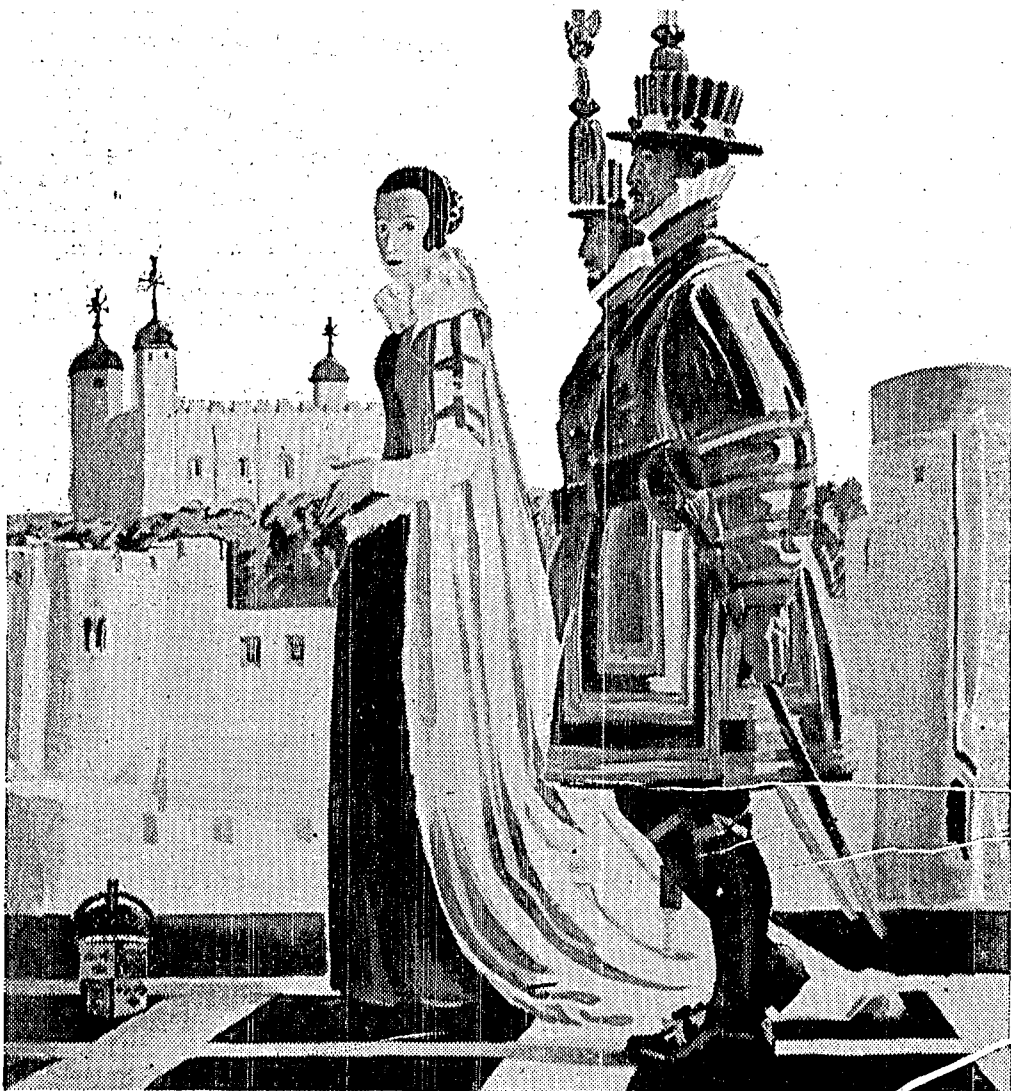
The memorial will grow in interest as the centuries pass, and the music by which Elgar interpreted and added to the story will continue to be an inspiration to all who hear it.

Once a violinist who was taking part in it was so moved by the music that he gave up his profession, and ever since, as a Franciscan brother, with no money or possessions, he has spent his life in helping the unemployed and the poor.

Peeps at History on Posters



Charles the Second and Greenwich Hospital



Anne Boleyn at the Tower

Here are two of the splendid new historical posters issued by London Transport. Charles the Second began the rebuilding of Greenwich Hospital in 1667; and Anne Boleyn was executed on Tower Green in 1536.

PEDALLING THROUGH THE AIR

The New Way of Flying

Three centuries ago Bishop Wilkins of Chester confidently wrote that the day was approaching when "it would be as common for a man to call for his wings as for his boots and spurs."

The fact that a German has actually flown by his own man-power opens up a new possibility of our calling for our gliders and pedals.

The distances and heights attained by the German flier (900 feet and 20) far exceed those achieved by the gallant Wright Brothers when they were making their early experiments.

Dreams are being realised, but not in the way the old dreamers foresaw. There were two ideas of flight. Roger Bacon foresaw the balloon and airship when he prophesied a means of travel through the ocean of air supported by an airtight cylinder charged with hot air, or gas, which he called ethereal air. His namesake Francis Bacon could only think of feathers as lifting agents.

The Three Known Forces

The other school of men who yearned to fly thought of flight performed by a man's own efforts, but they imagined that we must imitate the bird or the bat and fashion artificial wings.

Bicycles were undreamed of in those days, and such a thing as an engine driven by steam or petrol was beyond the imagination of the age. Only three forces were known, man-power, horse-power, and wind-power.

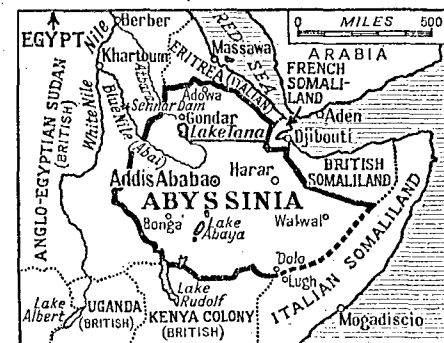
So, in achievements of this sort, we are farther in time from the bishop than he was from Hero of Alexandria, who lived before the Christian era and had a mind worthy of twentieth-century conceptions. We have perfected great dragons of the air; we returned to the little glider, and now we have given the glider pedals, and with them, perhaps, begins a new conquest of the skies.

The Abyssinia Carry Life

THERE has been much discussion about the control of Lake Tana in Abyssinia.

It is obvious that Britain and Egypt regard its future ownership as of supreme importance because it is the reservoir of the Blue Nile.

In a square well on the island of Rhoda near Cairo is a marble pillar divided into 24 cubits. Between this



well and the River Nile runs a canal in order that the depth of water in the well can be measured from time to time, and thus the extent of the rise and fall of the Nile be ascertained.

This pillar is called a Nilometer, and it was made in the year 847 A.D. It is not the oldest Nilometer, for there is one at Memphis used at the time of the Pharaohs, and its records were kept as long ago as 3600 B.C.

All prosperity in Egypt has depended on the extent of the annual inundations. The average rise at Cairo is 23 feet, and over 50 years ago Egypt was either starved or flooded when the rainfall was abnormal, so that the most important day in the calendar was that on which the Nile attained its highwater mark.

From time immemorial man has endeavoured to control the Nile, and in recent years British engineers with their

THE WONDER MAN OF

IT is not for the first time that Abyssinia is arousing the attention of Europe. Few traveller's tales have given rise to more surprise than those James Bruce brought home from Abyssinia in the 18th century.

So fantastic were the five volumes Bruce dictated hurriedly to his secretary that they were regarded by serious people as the imaginations of a lunatic. Indeed it is said that Bruce himself sometimes thought his experiences had only happened in dreams.

Adventures in the Nile Valley

Bruce was a giant six feet four inches tall. His thirst for knowledge and adventure was inexhaustible, and when he was consul at Algiers, at the age of 33, he studied Arabic and became fascinated by the mystery of the Near East. Egypt called him, and not only Egypt but what lay beyond it.

Where did the Nile come from? He determined to seek its source. He knew he would meet with difficulties from uncivilised men, so he specialised in medicine and surgery in order that his superior knowledge might prevail over their superior strength.

After many adventures in the Nile Valley Bruce resolved to seek the source of the Nile from the east. This meant entering Abyssinia from the Red Sea, where stood Massawa. At that time Massawa was ruled by a Governor and paid tribute to Abyssinia and also to Turkey, to which it nominally belonged.

When the Governor heard of Bruce's arrival he proposed to kill him, but his nephew Achmet advised that they should find out what manner of man he was. Achmet was impressed with the Englishman, who cured him of ague.

Achmet advised Bruce to enter Abyssinia by the steepest and most

difficult route in order to avoid the savage inhabitants. So Bruce, with a small party, including an Italian draughtsman, loaded five asses with baggage and climbed the ranges to the south of Eritrea.

In three weeks he reached Adowa, where a Greek official told him that Ras Michael ruled Abyssinia, having poisoned the old king and set the king's son on the throne, while he had married the sister. He gave Bruce a letter to the queen mother, and Bruce started for Gondar, the capital of the country.

On his arrival there he was asked to cure the king's children of smallpox. A native saint had given one child ink to drink and he had died; but Bruce was more successful, and the queen, Ozoro Esther, refused to give him permission to leave the palace.

The March to Lake Tana

Soon after this an Abyssinian commander named Mascal boasted how clever he was in shooting, and scoffed at the Englishman. Bruce replied that he could do as much damage with a tallow candle as the Abyssinian with a bullet.

They quarrelled, and Ras Michael intervened and sentenced Mascal to death, but Bruce persuaded him to spare his enemy. Then the king asked Bruce to prove his boast, so, cutting a tallow candle in two, he fired one half through three shields and the other half through a sycamore table.

Bruce then marched south to the great Lake Tana, where he met a chief named Fasil, in whose province the source of the Nile was said to be. Fasil said that an effeminate white man was not fit to enter a province inhabited by men who had been warriors from their birth. Bruce was naturally furious, and even more angry when Fasil's servant

Waters That To Egypt

dams, their irrigation channels, and their reservoirs have been successful in regulating the flood of the Nile in Egypt and in the north of the Sudan. But, just as many a medieval castle was forced to surrender by the diversion of a brook supplying its water, and as Babylon itself was overthrown by a diversion of the Euphrates, so the owners of the lower basin of the Nile have been afraid of any possible tampering with the sources of the river which brings fertility to their soil.

The sudd has been cut and channels cleaned in the White Nile, as the main branch from Khartoum to Victoria and Albert Nyanza is called. But, though shorter, the Blue Nile which joins the main stream at Khartoum and the Black Nile which pours in its mud-filled waters 200 miles nearer the sea are of extreme importance. Both rise in Abyssinia and are the real cause of the inundations. Indeed, during the rainy season the Blue Nile increases its discharge at Khartoum from 200 to 10,000 cubic metres a second, while the bed of the Black Nile, or Atbara, in the Sudan is actually dry for the greater part of the year.

Controlling the Nile Waters

Lake Tana, nearly 6000 feet above sea-level, has an area of over 1000 square miles. The Blue Nile, here called the Abai, enters it after flowing 70 miles through the mountains. Engineers have long looked forward to the time when they could build a dam across the exit of the river from the lake and thus control the irregular outflow of the Nile. It might be possible also to dam this 850-mile long river at some other point before it crosses the border into British territory. If, therefore, the control of western Abyssinia fell into hostile hands both the Sudan and Egypt might be cut off from the water supply needed to fertilise their soil.

TELEVISION FOR THE SUN Seeing the Corona

The crowning achievement of the photo-cell will surely be that it enables us to see and study the Sun's corona without waiting for an eclipse.

A daring scheme of looking at the Sun and examining the corona by means of television has been invented by a young engineer named Skellett, a professor of physics at the University of Florida. Experiments have shown that his idea can be realised, and when it is applied it must lead to a wonderfully useful study of the coronal streamers and the part they play in magnetic storms, wireless disturbances, and terrestrial phenomena.

Filtering Light

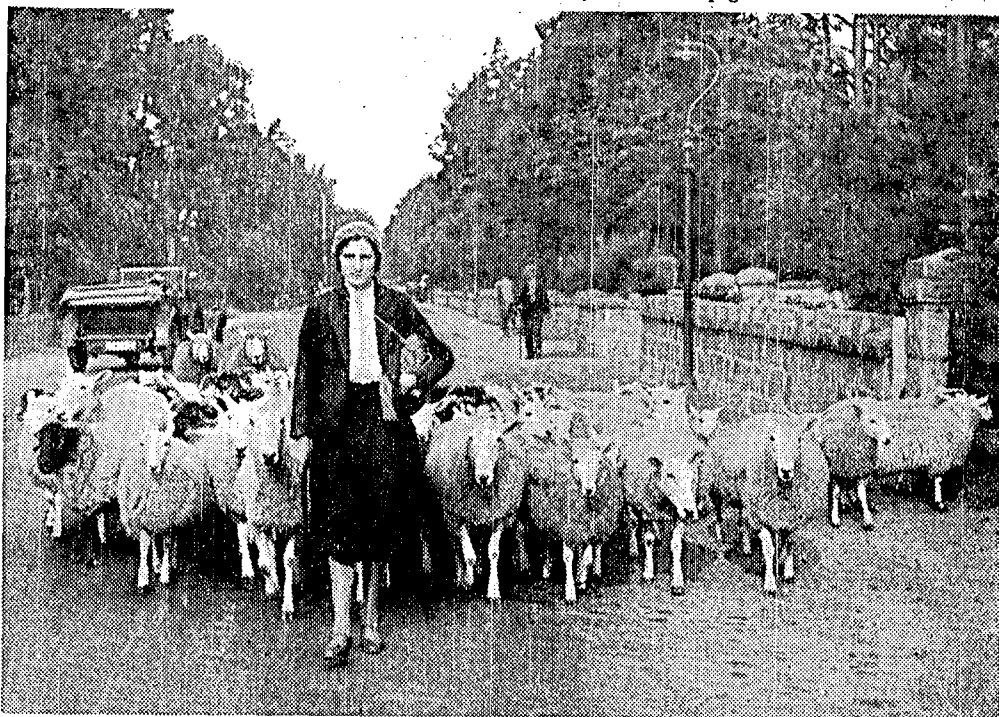
The difficulty of seeing the corona through a telescope is that the intense glare from the Sun's disc, due to the scattering of light in the Earth's atmosphere and in the telescope, is often a thousand times brighter than the corona itself. But just as the most delicate musical or speech sounds in wireless telephony can be separated from the carrier wave on which they are impressed, so Mr Skellett finds that the faint image of the streamers of the corona can be separated from the glare if the Sun is looked at by a suitable television apparatus. Roughly speaking, the image of the disc can be filtered out and the faint image of the corona so amplified up that it is seen brilliantly depicted on the television screen.

The story of the experiments made at Schenectady is too complicated to give here, but a lantern slide of a coronal photograph taken during the eclipse of 1908 was used as an image, and by clever optical means the glare of the Sun's disc was introduced. This man-made sun was then experimented with until a television set had been worked out so as to separate the corona from the disc.

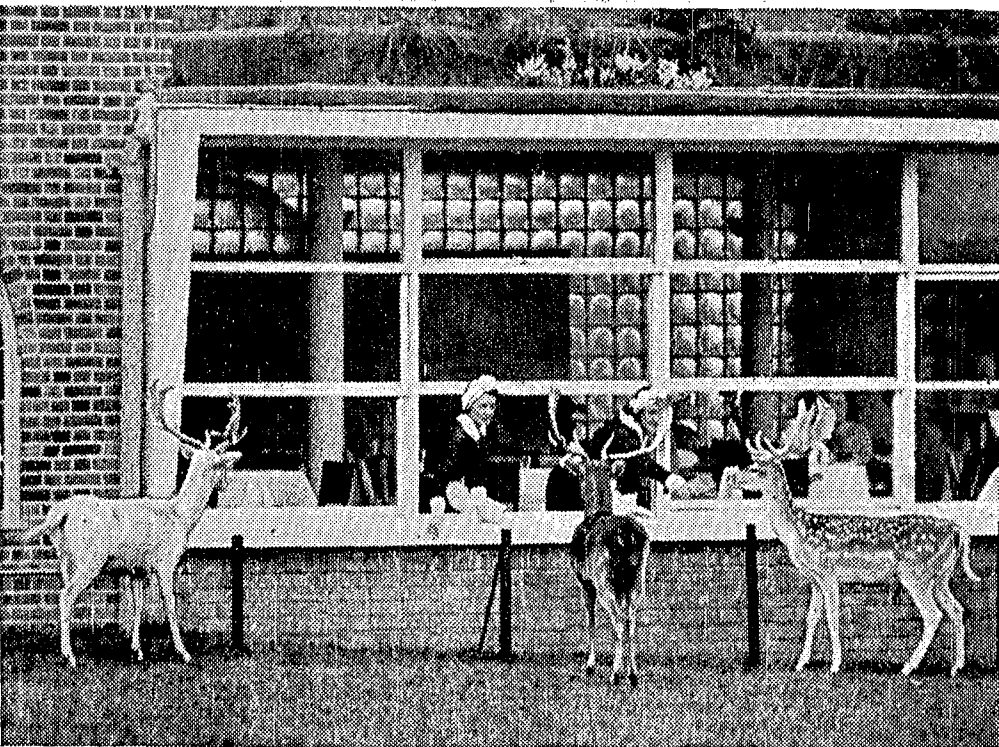
Peeps at Life in Three Lands



In Peasant Costumes—These Bulgarian village girls and boys were among the 40,000 young people who met in Sofia for gymnastic contests, as told on page 5.

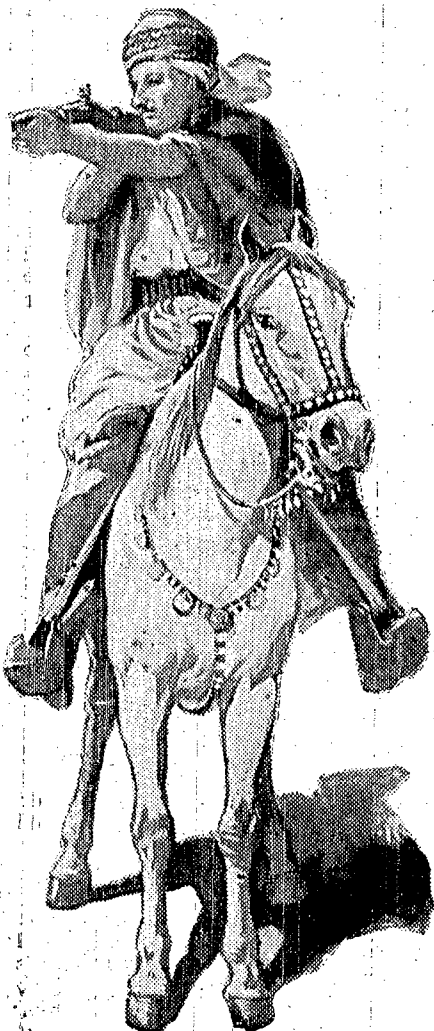


The Shepherdess—A scene on a road near Ballater in Scotland.



Making Friends—Windows of a new wing of the refreshment room at Whipsnade overlook a paddock where deer are kept, and the animals frequently come in search of titbits.

ABYSSINIA LONG AGO



James Bruce in Abyssinia

persuaded him to mount the wildest horse in his stables. Bruce succeeded in taming the horse, and led it back to the groom, saying, "Take it to your master; he may venture to ride it now, which is more than either of you dared to do this morning."

Moved by the Englishman's prowess, Fasil gave him a splendid horse and a bodyguard of seven Abyssinians sworn to protect him. He also made him a gift of the village of Geesh and the sources of the Nile itself.

Now the Nile flows out of Lake Tana, but the main river which flows into the lake is also the Nile, though both join the lake on its southern shore; the feeder is 70 miles long, but the country through which it flows, from 6000 to 10,000 feet high, is as wild as the inhabitants and the animals on its banks.

At the Source of the Nile

Bruce followed the course of the stream, which dwindled and dwindled like a brook in the Scottish highlands. In a few days he saw before him the mountain of Geesh, and on November 6, 1770, the intrepid traveller reached the object of his dreams. By a hillock of green sods in the centre of a marsh rose the two fountains which were the source of the Blue Nile.

With a feeling of awe like some ancient Egyptian worshipping the god of the Nile, Bruce took off his boots and ran down the hill, to gaze in rapture at the principal fountain.

For over a year James Bruce was compelled to remain in Abyssinia, witnessing civil war and the most appalling atrocities. At last he was allowed to leave, and in 1785 he wrote his great book. Nine years later this man who had climbed the rugged fastnesses of Abyssinia met his death by tumbling down stairs.

GOOD THINGS ABOUT US

LIFE LONGER AND BETTER

The Minister of Health Looks Round the Country

SLUMS AND DEATH-RATES DOWN

As the Ministry of Health's new Report says, expenditure on public health is a long-term investment.

We are living longer because of British health services. Many years have been added to the average duration of life, and the death-rate in 23 years of King George's reign has fallen from a fraction over 13 per 1000 to a little over 9.

Between 1910 and 1933 infant mortality fell from 103 per 1000 to 64. The dread disease tuberculosis, although not conquered, was further subdued: a great test, for tuberculosis is mainly associated with poverty.

Health For the Million

National Health Insurance, once bitterly attacked, is now rejoiced in everywhere. We copied it from Germany, let us remember, and now America has copied a little of it from us! Roundly, 16,450,000 persons in England and Wales are insured, and in the last 10 years more than £240,000,000 has been spent in benefits. The Report well remarks that, so soundly has the scheme been constructed and so prudent has been its administration, it has proved practicable to expend more than £53,000,000 in additional benefits, so that the insured have got more than was promised them.

The provision of pensions now includes 664,000 old age pensions to persons between 65 and 70 and 657,000 widows pensions. The amount expended on pensions has been £232,981,000.

In addition £103,000,000 has been paid since 1926 in old age pensions to persons over 70, the number of pensioners over 70 years being 811,000. Let us recall that as recently as 1905 many good people declared that old age pensions might be very fine, but that we could not possibly afford them!

£500,000,000 a year is now provided for local government services, a sum comparable with the National Budgets of some nations.

500,000 houses have been built by private enterprise since the Housing Act of 1933; 100,000 slum-houses are destroyed or soon to be destroyed.

London's Green Girdle

£2,000,000 was found last year for open spaces—half of it for the purchase of 4500 acres of municipal sports fields, tennis courts, and children's playgrounds.

Two-fifths of England is now planned and secured against speculative development. £2,000,000 is to be spent before 1938 on London's Green Girdle, which will cover 113 square miles of open space, embracing Epping and Hainault Forests, Ranmore Common, Merrow and Albury Downs, Netley Heath, and Box Hill. This two-fifths means no fewer than 15,500,000 acres.

Eighteen municipal aerodromes were in operation on March 31; 12 other authorities are constructing them.

LOOKING AFTER THE GARDEN

"Always look after the garden" were her father's last words to Lillian Whyatt. Now she has won first prize among 60,000 in the London Garden Society's annual competition.

Her garden is a small sanctuary in a busy Stratford street, eight yards by five, and has a concrete path with a velvety lawn and three urns full of flowers, the borders having 50 kinds of flowers.

BERLIOZ THE REBEL

His Birthplace Honours Him

France has now one more of those small museums with which she delights to honour her great men. It is named after Berlioz, and is at La-Côte-Saint-André, where he was born in 1803.

Louis Hector Berlioz was a doctor's son. As a child he was so unhappy under the military regime introduced into schools by Napoleon that his parents took him back home. Roaming in the attic one day he came upon a flute, and tried to play it. It was a great day for him; he had discovered how music was made. Later he found a friend to teach him to play the guitar.

Hector's father wanted him to be a doctor, and when he was 16 sent him to Paris to attend the school of medicine. But Hector went to the Conservatoire and, as his father refused to pay for him there, gave lessons in the evenings to earn his living. Romanticism was in the air; young poets and writers were feeling their own way. Berlioz, attending a performance of Hamlet by some English players, was enthralled by this living drama, and joined those who rebelled against the classical tradition.

His Fantastic Symphony, which he paid to have performed, was well received, but his compositions ran too much against the accepted canons of the day to be financially successful. Theatre after theatre refused his operas, and then, toward the end of his life, Paris suddenly "discovered" the works everyone had neglected, and his fame spread rapidly.

THE DEBT WE OWE

Tragedy of Our Dangerous Trades

As the government of a country is largely entrusted to those who do not work at dangerous trades there is all the more reason for those whose lot is cast in pleasant places to take note of these things.

Among the dangerous trades are those involving silicosis and asbestosis. Silicosis means the choking of the lung cells with dust, and not rarely it brings on tuberculosis. In the same way the breathing of asbestos dust produces asbestosis.

Think what the last three years have done for such workers. In that period the Silicosis Medical Board certified 52 cases of disablement and 17 deaths from ganister mines and brick works, 252 cases of disablement and 79 deaths from sandstone, 289 cases of disablement and 92 deaths from the pottery industry, 532 cases of disablement and 105 deaths from coalmines, and 319 cases of disablement and 142 deaths from other industries. During the same three years the Medical Board certified 60 cases of disablement and five deaths among workers in the asbestos industry. That is 440 deaths, nearly three a week, and 1500 disabled bodies, nearly ten a week.

Such a price ought not to be paid, and need not be paid.

478 NEW FACTORIES

The South Forging Ahead

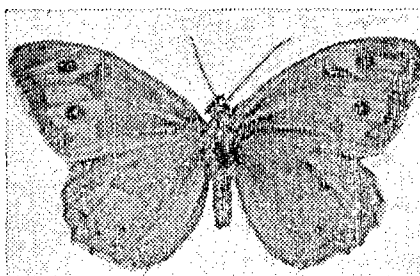
No fewer than 478 new factories were established in this country last year, while 144 old factories were enlarged.

At the same time 515 old factories were closed; but the new ones far more than replaced those discarded for they were bigger and better; 96 of the new works employ over 100 people.

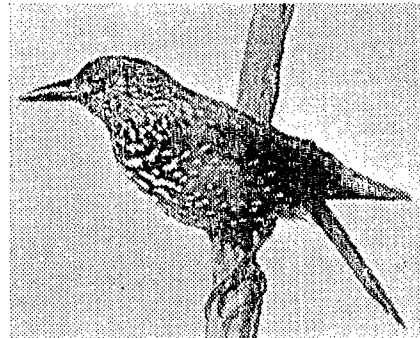
It is very significant that of the 478 new factories 209 were in Greater London, and not less significant that of the 515 old places closed down 156 were in North-West England and 64 in North-East England. The South is still gaining on the old industrial North.

As many as 37,200 people work in the 478 new factories. The number of factories established by foreign concerns included in the total of 478 is 34.

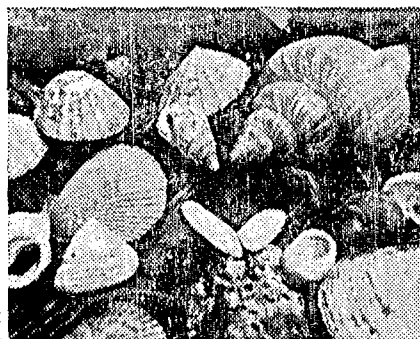
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



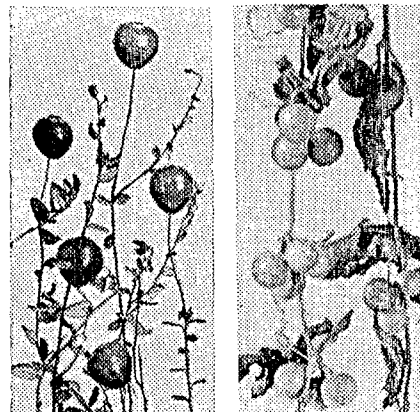
The grayling butterfly is now to be seen



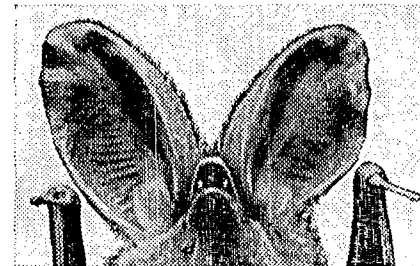
A few nutcrackers sometimes visit us from Central Europe at this time of the year



Many shells are washed up on the beach by the autumn tides



The red berries of the cranberry and the poisonous scarlet berries of the white bryony, often seen in hedges, are now ripe



The long-eared bat is seen flying at dusk



The yellow flowers of the fleabane are seen in damp places



The brightly-colored, feather-tufted clavaria fungus may be seen

A KING'S LIBRARY

Frederick Barnard Looks Down on His Treasures

DR JOHNSON'S ADVICE TO A BOOK COLLECTOR

The royal librarian who built up the magnificent collection of books and manuscripts for King George the Third will soon be looking down on the treasures he loved so well.

He was Sir Frederick Barnard, and his portrait has been bequeathed to the British Museum by a lady who died recently at Twickenham.

Every student in the world knows the King's Library at the British Museum, with its rare books gathered from all over Europe. The library came into existence in a curious way. King George the Second had given his royal library to the nation, and with it the privilege that the kings of England had enjoyed for many a year of receiving a copy of every book or pamphlet published in this country.

A Letter From Dr Johnson

King George the Third, however, looking round his palaces, felt it was an undignified thing for a king not to have books, so he forthwith began to build up a library of his own. In 1762 he paid £10,000 for a collection that Joseph Smith, the British Consul at Venice, had acquired, and then for 50 years he spent £2000 annually on his library.

His librarian was Frederick Barnard, a scholar whom Dr Johnson delighted to talk with on his many visits to the Royal Library. When in 1768 the librarian was sent abroad to search for rare books Dr Johnson wrote him a letter which contains these characteristic sentences:

"Sir,—It is natural for a scholar to interest himself in an expedition undertaken, like yours, for the importation of literature; and therefore I will try to lay before you what observation or report has suggested to me that may direct your inquiries or facilitate your success. English literature you will not seek in any place but England. Classical learning is diffused everywhere and is not, except by accident, more copious in one part of the polite world than in another. But every country has literature of its own, which may be best gathered in its native soil.

Designs By Great Masters

"In every place things often occur where they are least expected. I was shown a Welsh grammar, written in Welsh, and printed at Milan, I believe, before any grammar of that language had been printed here. The old books with wooden cuts are to be diligently sought; the designs were often made by great Masters, and the prints are such as cannot be made by any artist now living. It will be of great use to collect in every place maps of the adjacent country and plans of towns, buildings, and gardens."

Barnard was most successful in his quest, for the library he built up for the king contained books rich in every department of learning and literature. Among its rare treasures are the Gutenberg Bible, the Bamberg Bible, and 39 Caxtons. Sometimes a book was bought for a mere song; the Florence Homer, published in 1488, for instance, cost 10s.

A LITTLE COURAGE FROM AN OLD FRIEND

An old friend has been recalling memories of the most famous of all cricketers, Dr W. G. Grace.

One day this friend spoke with admiration of the Doctor's self-confidence.

"Self-confidence?" exclaimed Grace. "I have never gone in to bat without my knees knocking together with nervousness throughout the first over!"

Surely that will be a comfort and an encouragement to many a young cricketer who has endured miseries of nervousness this summer!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Youth Hostels Reach America

Youth Hostels have come of age in Europe, but they are new to America.

This summer sees the first series of 25 American Youth Hostels opened as an experiment in New England. If they are successful we may expect in a few years to see chains of hostels covering many of the more interesting parts of America, such as the early colonial settlements of the Atlantic coast, the old plantations of the south, the villages of the Redskins in the south-west, the westward-going trails of the Pioneers, the Spanish Mission Churches of California, and the magnificent scenery of the National Parks.

The spread of the hostel idea to USA is due largely to the enthusiasm of Mr and Mrs Monroe Smith, who visited Europe with a party of American High School students two years ago.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE

How the German Told the French

We have told of Sir Richard Paget's scheme for a language of gesture which would be understood everywhere.

A little story we heard the other day shows that some people have already found the sign-language useful.

A young German came to stay at an International Friendship League centre in London where an English friend of his was in charge. Some French girls had just arrived, and the German was told: "Hans, I have been waiting for you to take these girls round London."

The German knew very little French, but he undertook the task, and all went well until they reached the Monument. Asked what this was he could not find words to explain it, so he lit a match and held it up to show that this was where the Great Fire started. And the girls understood!

PUSSY IN THE SAFE

The officials of the Treasury House at Melbourne, Australia, keep a cat named Helen.

The other day she saw a safe door open, and as the files and records stacked inside seemed to offer a comfortable bed walked in for a short nap.

At the end of the day an official put back the documents taken out of the safe, and, not noticing Helen, locked the door and left her there.

She remained for nearly three days, and when released just stretched and yawned, mewed for some milk and, after refreshing herself, strolled round the offices as pert as ever.

SUNDAY WITH 148,000 PEOPLE

The CN believes in Quiet Sundays, but it believes in opening the best places for those who wish to see them.

That it is worth while to open our fine museums on Sundays is shown by the number of visitors to the British Museum.

Of the 1,192,800 people who visited the museum last year more than 148,000, a record number, went there on a Sunday.

HELP FROM THE SKIES

Moscow doctors and nurses have undertaken to learn parachute-jumping so that they may attend urgent medical cases in remote districts of their vast country. Thus, in places where it would be impossible for an aeroplane to land they will be able to leap from the air and actually bring help from the skies.

THING SEEN

A Lewisham tram conductor dropping litter from his tram.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If It is Next Week

Sept. 15. Moscow set on fire by the Russians 1812
16. Livingstone discovered Lake Nyasa 1859
17. Mont Cenis tunnel opened 1871
18. Dr Johnson born at Lichfield 1709
19. Dr Barnardo died at Surbiton 1905
20. Delhi retaken from Indian mutineers 1857
21. Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford 1832

The Great Talker

Old Dr Johnson lives largely because of his character.

His chief work was his big dictionary. Many authors have written better than he wrote. His verse was commonplace,



Dr Johnson



James Boswell

his prose heavy, and he was prejudiced, overbearing, and wanting in manners.

Yet he was admired as the big man of his day, and has been intimately known and lovingly forgiven ever since; he will always interest mankind, for he was a great character.

His Scotch friend, James Boswell, has pictured him for us, and recorded his talk, till we know him through and through. Though he was blustering and rough, he was brave, honest, kind to the core, a big-hearted, sincere, outspoken Englishman.

All felt, and feel, that Dr Johnson stood before the world a true man, in spite of many little faults. He really talked his way into fame, because his talk revealed a vigorous mind, sterling character, and a clean heart. He was like a sound old English oak with a gnarled bark.

CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

What Can be Said in Favour of the Blackbird?

Although destructive of unprotected ripe fruit, the blackbird, feeding for three parts of the year on garden pests, is an ally of the gardener and sings nobly for its supper.

What is the Meaning of N or M in the Catechism?

Name or names; from the Latin *nomen* and *nomina*.

What is a Doit?

An obsolete Dutch coin which was worth about one-eighth of a penny.

What is Fideism?

A philosophical term for the view that the dogmas of the Church cannot be proved by reason but must be believed by faith.

Why are Brass Plates Placed at the Bottom of Swing Doors?

So that, in restaurants especially, employees carrying burdens can push the door open with the foot without damaging the paint or woodwork.

What are Blind Alley Occupations?

Employments which only last for a time, and lead to nothing permanently profitable. They are like a blind alley, or cul-de-sac, along which one can go for a certain distance and no farther.

What is the Origin of Tea?

The origin of tea is mainly traditional. It was certainly used in China by the 6th century A.D. Its use in England began in the middle of the 17th century. Pepys wrote on September 25, 1660, that he had just had a cup of it.

Why Do Butchers Wear Blue-and-White Striped Aprons?

Such aprons are a survival from a time when all men in a particular trade belonged to a guild and wore the guild's distinctive dress. Butchers wore white; blue was adopted later because blood escaping on to it from the carcasses handled soon turns to dark brown.

THE WEATHER OF 1000 YEARS AGO

How We Know It

Interesting details of the weather of a thousand years ago are being obtained by an examination of the annual rings of growth in the trunks of trees.

What has been called a tree-ring calendar is being built up by the University of Arizona, and the variations in rainfall year by year for a period of 1200 years have been established.

In rainy years the trees formed thick annual growth-rings, while in dry years the rings were thin.

In this way constant periods of dry and wet years have been revealed, and that such cycles of climate have gone on since the world began seems evident from the examination of fossil tree trunks millions of years old, their rings still clearly defined.

THE PLAY STREETS

Mothers Object

Play streets in London do not seem to have worked out as well as was expected.

The play street is one closed to traffic, so that children can play in it without fear of being run over.

So popular is the play street with the children, however, that crowds of them flock to it from neighbouring streets. At this the mothers of the play street revolt, declaring that their own children are trouble enough, without adding hundreds more to them!

Cricket balls and other missiles too often smash the windows of the play streets, and the noise is said by some to be intolerable.

Mr Hore-Belisha had proposed to turn into play streets Alpha Street, Lebanon Street, Sedan Street, and Tower Road in South London, but he has received urgent petitions from the householders, and the matter is to be reconsidered.

A PENNY THAT MEANS MILLIONS

Every penny a pound in the price of butterfat means a million pounds to the dairy farmers of the Auckland Province of New Zealand, where most of the butter shipped from the Dominion to Britain is produced.

Thanks to an improvement in world conditions the farmers of New Zealand have received a little more for their butter in the dairying season just closed, and it is estimated that the extra half-penny in price has meant a distribution of an extra £400,000 to Auckland farmers.

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE GARDENER

The gardener at a villa outside Nice met a creature 16 inches long.

Not knowing in the least what it was, he took it to the Museum of Natural History, where the curator identified it as a crocodile, about two months old.

No one knows how the youngster came to be wandering in the Riviera. Perhaps a stray egg had been hatched in the hot sands of the Mediterranean shore.

MORE PEOPLE BUYING THEIR OWN HOUSES

The Building Societies lent last year to home-makers as much as £124,000,000 to enable them to purchase houses. The houses must have been worth about 150 millions, so that house-buying must be more popular than ever.

What a building society does is not to build, but to lend money on mortgage upon the security of houses. The buyer repays by instalments, as though he were paying a rent, and in so many years the debt is paid off.



Do you know this Sign?..

Perhaps not-but you will if you join the

League of Ovaltineys

EVERY boy and girl should join the League of Ovaltineys. Already there are many thousands of children who are proudly wearing the handsome bronze badge of the League. And all of them are having the jolliest times.

There are secret signs, signals, and a mysterious code, all of which are known only to members. And you will also learn how to keep always fit, healthy and happy.

Fill up the Application Form Below

On receipt of the form below, the Chief Ovaltiney will send you the official handbook and tell you how to get your bronze badge. Send the form in an open envelope (3d. stamp).

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**,
The 'Ovaltine' Factory,
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Handbook of the League.

Name

Age.....

Address.....

Children's Newspaper, 14/9/35. (Write in **BLOCK** letters).

AN ANGLER FISH AS A PET FED BY HAND

Beautiful Baby That Turns Into
an Ugly Monster

THE ROD ON ITS NOSE

By a Laboratory Correspondent

It is extremely difficult to keep alive in an aquarium that ugly fish known as an Angler, Fishing Frog, or, as the fishermen call it, the Monk.

Mr Wilson, naturalist at the Plymouth Aquarium, has, however, kept a specimen alive for nearly four months and it is still happy and well.

When brought in it was 10½ inches long, now it is well over a foot. This is quite a baby, for the adult may grow to a large size, sometimes over six feet long, living on the sea bottom, with fringes of flesh round its body resembling the weeds and stones where it rests.

It is called fishing frog because it has an enormous mouth, even larger than a frog's mouth, and because it fishes for its prey with a real fishing-rod, hence the name angler. This fishing-rod is on the upper part of its head and is composed of a slender stem a few inches long, with at its tip a soft piece of skin which, dangling in the water, serves as a lure to the little fishes. They are attracted, come near to see what it is, touch it, and immediately the jaws open and the little fish is swallowed.

Too Ugly For the Market

The huge mouth is armed with very sharp teeth and runs nearly half-way round the body, and the angler is supposed to be so ugly that its head is cut off before it is sent to market.

At first this little fish was fed by hand, small wrasse and gobies being slipped into its mouth; then it learned to open its mouth when it saw one being given to it; finally live whiting a few inches long were put into the tank and it began to use its fishing-rod.

When at rest the rod lies flat on the head; if the angler wants to feed it erects it and allows the lure to dangle. Now when it sees a little fish approaching it dangles the lure, the little fish comes along, and is caught so quickly that one can hardly see it go. When satisfied the rod is tucked away again.

Eggs in a Floating Veil

The mother angler sheds her eggs into the sea; and these are very peculiar for they are covered with a gelatinous mass forming a long floating veil several yards long and several feet broad.

In this mass there are thousands of eggs, and the whole looks not unlike a huge amount of frog-spawn. This veil floats near the surface of the sea, and is sometimes picked up by the fishermen. Inside the egg covering you can see the little fishes developing as tiny black specks—at first sight very like tadpoles.

The baby angler is quite a different shape from its parents. It does not live on the bottom but near the surface of the sea, feeding on the tiny floating animals that abound there.

Lovely Little Creatures

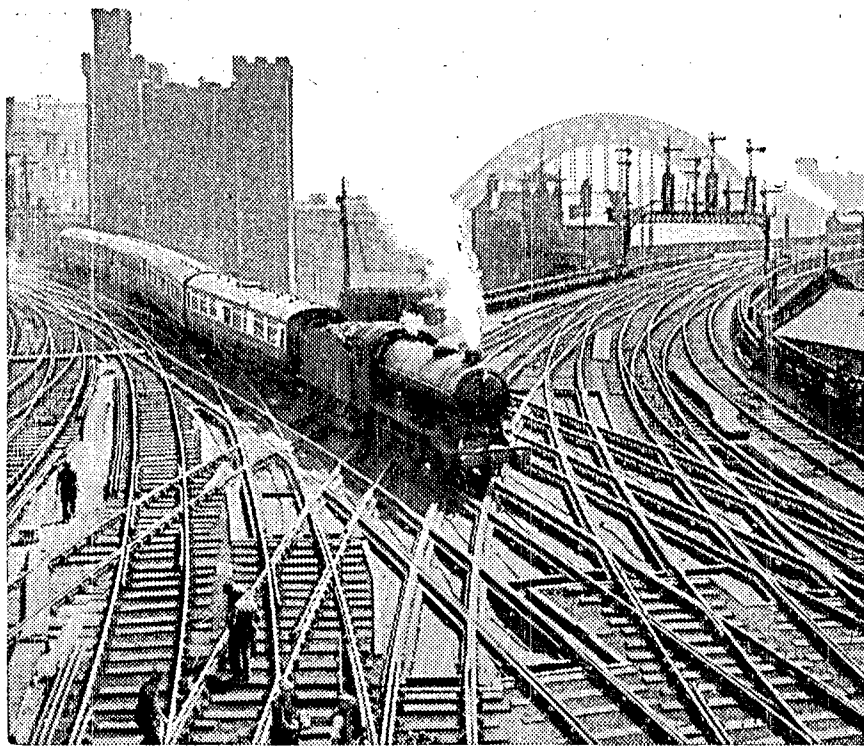
These babies are lovely little creatures, darting about like butterflies in the water, for they have big fins, and they are brightly coloured—blue and yellow with large iridescent eyes. To balance themselves easily they have long fins corresponding to our legs, and large outspread fins corresponding to our arms; and on the head is a series of long rays, one of which will develop into the lure.

Instead of being flattened from above downward the baby angler has its body flattened from side to side. It is altogether a beautiful little object, and it remains like this for some time, gradually changing till at last it rests on the bottom and becomes an ugly, greedy monster just like its father and mother.

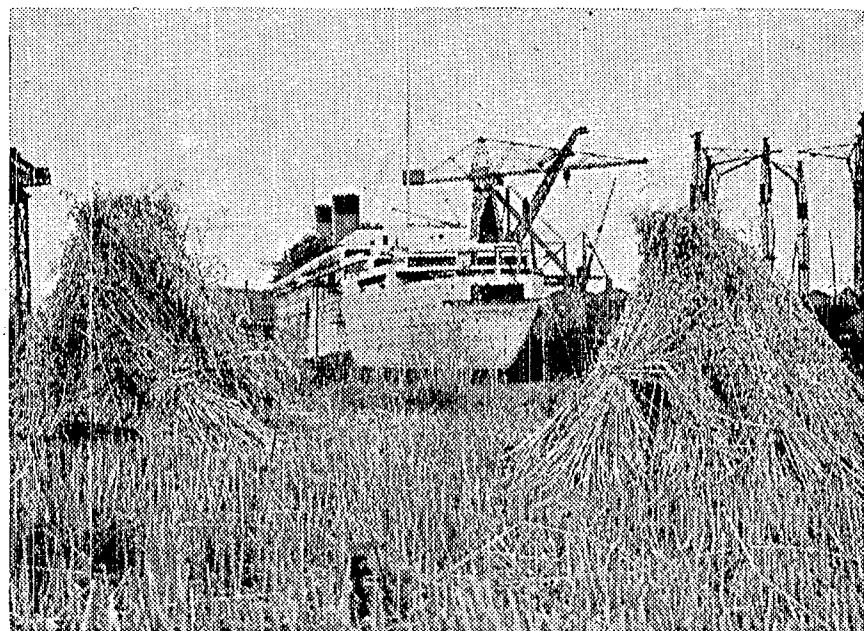
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



On Holiday—Full of the holiday spirit are these boys of the Barnardo Technical School as they run down to the sea for a bath at Dymchurch.



A Maze of Lines—This complicated series of lines just outside the Central Station at Newcastle-on-Tyne is said to be the biggest railway crossover in the world. Between 800 and a thousand trains cross over at this point each day.



A Clydeside Vista—Agriculture and industry are happily combined in this picture taken in a harvest field by the Clyde. On the opposite side of the river is the great liner Queen Mary, on the completion of which workmen are still busily engaged.

£5 A YEAR FOR A CASTLE

Totnes of a Thousand
Memories

LEGENDARY CRADLE OF OUR RACE

A great romance lurks behind the offer by the Duke of Somerset to give Totnes Castle to Totnes. He is willing to lease it for 50 years at a mere £5 a year.

The very mention of the transaction sets the imagination tingling. All our literature seems to glow with fresh fires of reality at the name of the place.

Shall we march with Chaucer and Malory, with Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson, and hail Totnes as the foundation of our national history? Old Geoffrey of Monmouth, who made the place immortal, was sure of it.

For Geoffrey, a learned monk who became a bishop, wrote nearly 800 years ago that he had read an ancient British book, whose contents he incorporated in his History of the Kings of Britain, telling the whole story of our ancestors in Britain long ago, and making Brute, or Brutus, grandson of Aeneas, our founder.

Diana's Prophecy

There was something of the gods in Brute, for Venus was the mother of Aeneas, and, meeting descendants of Priam of Troy and of banished Trojans, he made his way west across Europe, fortified by a prophecy of Diana:

Brute, past the realms of Gaul, beneath the sunset,

*Lieth an island, girt about by ocean,
Guarded by ocean, erst the haunt of giants,
Desert of late, and meet for this thy people.
Seek it! For there is thine abode for ever.
There by thy sons again shall Troy be builded;*

*There of thy blood shall kings be born,
hereafter*

Sovereign in every land the wide world over.

He sought the island and found it: Albion, and, landing at Totnes, called it Britain after himself, and its people British. There were only a few giants in possession, and they were soon driven to the caves or killed in individual combats. So began the Britons, the historian tells us, with Brute as king, who left a posterity among which appeared as his direct descendants Bladud, Lud, that merry old soul King Cole, Shakespeare's Lear and Cymbeline, Vortigern, Merlin, and King Arthur.

Older Than History

There is no stranger tale in Homer, Livy, or the Arabian Nights, but the book appeared in a credulous age, ran like a fire of romance through Europe, and came back with the original embellished, to inspire Chaucer, to furnish Malory with material for his incomparable Mort d'Arthur, to live again in Spenser, to appear in Milton's Comus, and in his grave History, and finally to give Tennyson his delightful Idylls of the King.

And Totnes was the beginning of it all. Had her giants been too many or too strong the story might have been all different, and all unwritten. The castle the Duke offers to Totnes is merely Norman, but the story of the site is older than history.

THE OLD PEWTER CUP

Some children playing at Oban used what they thought was an old tin cup as a target for stones. They had found it on a rubbish heap.

A passer-by noticed it, and discovered that it was a pewter Communion cup, the first ever used in Oban.

An oak named after General Pershing is to be planted in the French villages liberated by American troops in 1918.

THE PASSING OF MARS

Important Discovery POLAR ICE-CAPS REDUCED BY SOLAR STORMS

By the C.N. Astronomer

As the planet Mars is now following Jupiter into regions far behind and beyond the Sun we shall see very little more of him for this year or next.

Not until 1937 will this rosy planet again adorn our evening skies. Then, however, he will come much nearer to us than this year, and so appear brighter.

Mars is now about 140 million miles away and may still be identified low in the south-west when the sky becomes dark enough, say from 7.30 to 9.

Jupiter is also in the south-west some way to the right of Mars and nearer the horizon; he is much brighter and must not be mistaken for Mars. As the reddish star Antares appears almost as far to the left of Mars as Jupiter does to the right, the rosy planet may easily be identified. In the accompanying star-



The progress of Mars toward Antares and the chief stars of Scorpius and also his near approach to Delta next week.

map the arrow indicates the apparent progress of Mars toward Antares during the next fortnight. This will be interesting to note, as toward the end of September the planet will appear to be only about four times the Moon's width away from and above Antares. Scarcely any difference will be seen in their apparent brightness and both will be of a similar reddish hue, but this is due to vastly different causes.

In the case of Antares, a colossal sun many billions of times the size of Mars, the tint is due to his elements being in a state of highly attenuated glowing gas; an everlasting raging fire-mist encircling if not composing his entire mass.

As regards Mars the tint is due to the reddish desert areas which cover most of his equatorial regions. These deserts appear to be destitute of vegetation except over certain areas where vegetation sometimes develops.

This usually occurs in conformity with the progress of the Martian seasons. By the way, it is now late autumn in his Northern Hemisphere. The deserts appear to be of sand largely impregnated with iron, hence their colour and the readiness with which they would induce vegetation whenever water penetrated; one result of these changes is that Mars does not always present the same degree of redness, even to the naked eye.

The Influence of Sun-Spots

An important result of this year's apparition of Mars, as astronomers call it, has been the evidence obtained as to the cause of the known variation of the Martian seasons.

M. Antoniadi has obtained proof through the great lens of the Meudon Observatory of his discovery that the Polar Caps on Mars are influenced by the Sun's storm activity—in other words by sun-spots—and that the polar ice on Mars is more extensive at times of solar quiescence and sun-spot minima. During the recent period of 1934-35 the ice-cap possessed a diameter 25 per cent greater than the average of observations extending back to 1856.

M. Antoniadi showed in his recent communication to the British Astronomical Association that this confirmed similar evidence of extensive ice-caps obtained in 1924 and 1913-14, periods when solar storms were at their minima. Thus weather conditions are obviously influenced on Mars by solar storms, as appears to be the case on Earth. G. F. M.

POPULAR PETS GREAT SUCCESS OF THE PIGLETS

Giant Tortoise Proves His Skill as a Rat-Catcher

AUSTRALIAN BLACK SWANS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Pets Corner has become one of the most popular features at the Zoo.

When the weather is favourable the Corner is open every day from 11 until 1 o'clock and from 2 until 5, and during these "at home" times the pets are surrounded by crowds of admirers, while the services of the photographer are in constant demand.

But the strain of being polite to so many admirers was at first rather trying for the pets. Now, however, although there is no limit to the number of people admitted to the Corner and anyone can take snapshots with his own camera, the pictures taken by the official photographer are limited to 150 a day.

George Retires

Since the opening a few pets have had to retire as they were inclined to be irritable, and these include George, the lion cub, the baby eland, and one of the baby yaks. Their place has been taken by a litter of sucking-pigs and some baby goats. The pigs are a great success, for a number of little feeding-bottles are kept nearby and any child can give one of the piglets a meal from a bottle.

Moses, the 2 cwt giant tortoise, in addition to being willing to give children a ride on his shell, is a freak with peculiar habits, for he catches rats and cats flesh.

When Moses arrived from the Galapagos Islands there was a story that during the journey he had caught and devoured a macaw and an agouti (a South American rodent about the size of a hare) which were sharing his quarters. This story was regarded with some suspicion because land tortoises are supposed to be strict vegetarians and all the Galapagos tortoises ever exhibited at the Zoo have lived exclusively on vegetables.

The Tactics of Moses

But one day Moses was seen catching a rat and eating it. This may sound an impossible feat for a tortoise, but Moses has a hunting technique which requires no speed or effort. He simply stood motionless with his head tucked away in his shell so that the rat had no suspicions and walked right up to him. Then Moses thrust out his head and grasped the rat in his mouth.

After that he was tried with meat rations, and these were much appreciated. Since then Moses has caught another rat and also a pigeon. Some idea of the strangeness of his behaviour may be gathered from the fact that once when the Tortoise House was infested by rats two giant-specimens had to be sent to hospital because their feet had been nibbled by rats.

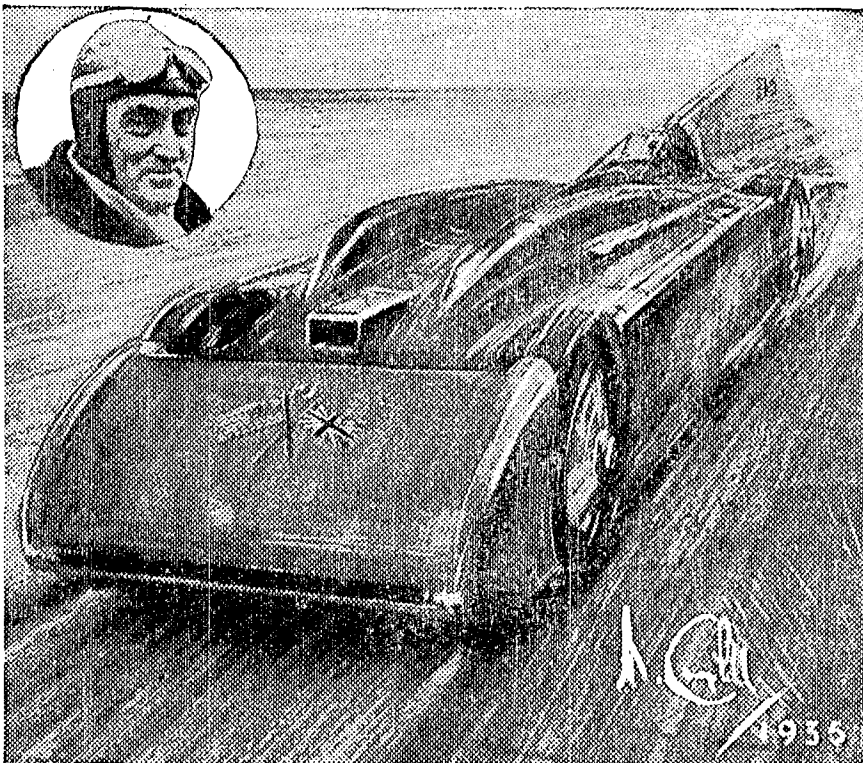
Surprises at Whipsnade

A pair of Australian black swans at Whipsnade have caused a surprise by becoming the parents of a second brood of young. Early in the spring these birds nested and reared one cygnet, and in July, much to the amazement of the authorities, they began to nest again and four more cygnets were hatched. This is the first time that a Zoo swan has reared two families in one season.

A pair of Sarus cranes are also nesting for a second time this year. Their first effort was not altogether a success, for although they hatched a chick they lost it some days later; but it was regarded as a most unusual happening when they decided to try again.

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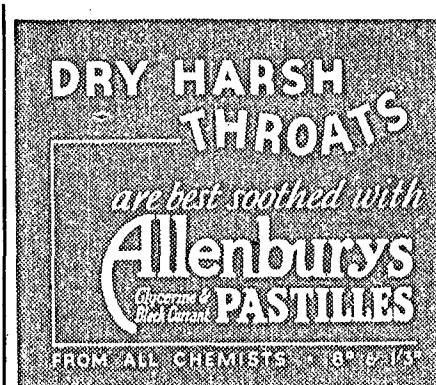
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THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

Serial Story

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 21

Light Ahead!

ON Colonel Greyson's pause Zachary turned his gaze to the skies and muttered that the gloaming wouldn't be long now. Then, with a reminder that there was no need yet to reveal themselves to the enemy, he inquired whether Roger's father would like to rest again in the state-room.

"Not I! The open sky looks too good!" laughed the Colonel. "For eight long days I have been those ruffians' prisoner, shut up as you found me, with visits from one or the other bringing my food. I asked them once how they explained my presence to the barges. They replied that the barges had no idea I was there. Leaman had put me on my parole not to hammer or shout, declaring that if I did he would gag me and bind me."

"Aye," said Zachary, "the holds were well battened down. Your lad and I had to smash and bash our way through, Colonel. . . . Do you know," he inquired, "whether they meant you to drink that poisoned water they brought you this morning?"

"What else can I think? They had to choose between their own liberty and—well, myself, Zachary."

"Aye! And that relief crew they spoke of to Fetlock would never ha' come. It were flam, Colonel? Leaman meant the barges to lie there deserted till Mischurch sent up for them."

"I'm afraid so," Colonel Greyson said gravely, then turned at the touch of Roger's hand on his sleeve.

"Father, why didn't you tell me?" Roger was whispering.

"About my disposal of the house? Well, I hadn't the heart. You must blame me or not," his father responded. "But I did not wish your last two terms at the school to be upset by worry either on my account or your own. You know I would never have sold the Priory could I have helped myself, but times have become too bad altogether, and what good to leave you a home which you could not keep up!"

"That's all right," Roger stammered uncomfortably. "I understand."

"Not quite, perhaps. You see, I have no means to put you to anything worth while in England, not to anything worth your metal, Roger, old man. Then came this glorious opening of a man's life for you in Kenya, had I the money. So for your sake, for your future's sake, I accepted the offer so often made from America. But it hurt," the Colonel said, wincing. "I was tearing up roots."

He spoke no more for some minutes, then his eager tones returned.

"But as I was telling you in that letter which Leaman abstracted, I had intended," he said, "to meet your usual train at the Halt, Roger, and to take you straight to the marshes, trying to soften the blow on the way."

Zachary, who had brought the axe from the barge, let it drop with a clatter, to change the subject, perhaps, and, prodding Nicole's shoulder, remarked aloud, "Tea-time!" Then, after those prodigious pockets of his had yielded a thermos flask full of brown milky fluid as strong as an iron rod almost, he persuaded Roger's father to return to the state-room and lie down again, silencing the Colonel's expostulations by a promise to call him in time "to be Queen of the May." Indeed, with the approach of the critical moment old Zachary was becoming surprisingly skittish, and presently striking into a stave of his song:

Logs to burn, logs to burn,
Logs to save the coal a turn.

"And now you can let her out, Nicole!" he ended composedly, as the twilight began to descend upon water and land.

Nicole grunted, and away their craft flashed. From stem to stern she was quivering like some living creature as, now heeling over a little, now rearing her nose, she threw the river out of her road and tossed it, spuming and seething and rocking, behind her. This brought Colonel Greyson out of the state-room, and he crouched down beside Zachary.

After some measured minutes of this Zachary ordered half-speed again, and turning to Roger said, "Now you can get to the bows, laddie."

So Roger crept his way to the covered fore-deck and stretched himself flat on it.

"Can ye hold on, laddie?"

"Yes, easily," Roger called back.

"Good for you! Then keep your eyes skinned," warned Zachary.

He had risen and was stooping at Nicole's shoulder, as the twilight grew dimmer and dimmer and passed into dusk.

"Shall I switch on my lights, Zachary?" "Nay, Nicole, not yet. River's broad enough. I'll con ye. List as I'm bidding."

And as one who directs the helmsman at a ship's wheel so, with his clever eyes rarely lifting themselves from the water, Zachary coned Nicole's course for him through the gloom, with his "right half a turn, Nicole—port, Nicole—now keep her steady—they'll hear us soon enough now, but we don't want 'em to see us—take her nose in a wee—that's better—aye, fine, man!" He was thinking of those bullets which might start arriving, and had no mind to offer themselves or their launch as a target.

From the bows came back Roger's hoarse warning, "I see them! I see them!"

On the waters ahead a pinpoint of light pricked the darkness.

CHAPTER 22

Roger Finds His Rat

THEY were fairly after them now. Through the murk of the dusk the shape of the launch ahead grew larger and harder, and the throbbing of her straining engine grew louder. Awake to pursuit, she had doused her stern lights at once, but the lights at her fore picked the water up as she sped and were spraying it with a hazy luminous stream. She dared not run without lights, as Zachary had dared.

And Zachary, having called to Roger to withdraw behind the coaming of the fore-deck, was counting in a tranquil voice to himself. Then, satisfied that they had the legs of the chase, he bade Nicole keep her steady as she was going, "For it wouldn't do to overshoot them," he muttered, being afraid that Leaman might make a dart for the shore and trust to his legs before Nicole could get the launch round again.

So, with Zachary and Nicole intent on their course, and Colonel Greyson crouched like a tiger behind them, and like a tiger bracing himself for a spring, it was Roger, peering above the lee of his coaming, who first distinguished the hunched shape at their

foe's wheel. It was Pesketh, he believed. But he could not see Leaman. And then a little flash of flame split the darkness, and the bullet which sang past his ear left him in no mistake about Leaman's whereabouts.

"Keep your head down!" roared Zachary. Steadily they drew in on them, yard by yard. Nearer and nearer they came on that clear stretch of river, while Leaman's bullets ripped the air, flying wide. Inexorably, grimly, without threats or shouting, the long dark shape of the pursuer closed in. Came a bullet which splintered the timbering of the state-room; came another which buried itself at the foot of the steering wheel. Then Zachary rose and muttered into Nicole's ear.

"Seeing as tis no time to stand upon ceremony, here goes!" he muttered, and, ripping one of the floor-boards out of the launch, he whirled it twice round his head, then released it and with all his great strength hurled it forward. The heavy slab of blunt timber struck Pesketh cleanly between his bent shoulders, and he crashed in a huddled heap over his steering wheel.

Simultaneously his launch swerved, flurried round, and went crashing into the bank.

"Lights, Nicole!" snapped Zachary.

Pesketh had not stirred. With the breath nigh knocked out of his body, he remained in a state of collapse. But, leaving him to look after himself if he could, his accomplice had gone leaping past him, had sprung ashore as the launch struck, slipped, almost slid back into the river, recovered himself, and turned at bay on the top of the bank. There, dropping on to one knee, he covered Nicole with his pistol as the latter was bringing his own vessel in.

"Back her! Back out! Or I'll riddle you!" Leaman screamed at him.

Down went Nicole's head very deep into his chest; and in his launch glided.

It may be that her outburst of lights dazzled Leaman, or it may be his breathlessness upset his aim. Though he made his threat good and fired, his bullet even at this point-blank range missed its stout mark. Snarling savagely, he sent another one after it; then jumped up and took to his heels as the avenging launch rammed the bank and Zachary and Roger sprang from her.

Off in the darkness fled Leaman; off they sped after him. His start was serving him

well, yet might have availed less had not Zachary caught his foot in the roots of a tree and fallen heavily, jarring his ankle. "Nay, tis nothing," he grunted, as Roger stopped to assist him. "On! On with you, laddie!" So Roger raced on; he was after his rat at long last.

And stride by stride he gained; and then came the end—except for the clash and the few moments' struggle with legs and arms interlocked and the Rat's thin, long fingers trying to tear Roger's throat. But he gave it up, and, abruptly abandoning viciousness, he offered to return and surrender himself to Colonel Greyson.

"I want what you've got in your pockets first," Roger said fiercely.

Hobbling and growling, Zachary came up that moment. And after they had fruitlessly searched the rogue's pockets they conducted him back to the launch. Here they found that Pesketh had been brought aboard and thrown, with his ankles and wrists tied and all resistance knocked out of him, upon the cushions in the state-room. His sandy eyebrows twitched at the sight of his accomplice; but his lips were smiling when Colonel Greyson confronted them.

"Now, you sorry scoundrels," said he, "I have no time to waste on you. We shall take you back to Mischurch, where I shall hand you over to the police."

"And what's the charge, Colonel?" asked Leaman.

"I shall charge you with robbing me and holding me prisoner and with trying to shoot us."

"Yes," said Leaman. "That goes with me, Colonel."

"Goes with you, you villain!" the Colonel burst out.

Leaman nodded and shrugged those square shoulders which had struck Roger so on the barge. The rogue had recovered his assurance and much of his briskness, changing back with surprising suddenness to a sleek man of business. "Take hold of this, Colonel," he drawled. "You've searched Pesketh, I guess, and our motor-boat for your money. And your friends have searched me. But you haven't found it. Well, Colonel?" He paused. "You let us go—and I'll tell you where it is."

"I shall find it," the Colonel retorted.

"Never in your life, Colonel."

Pesketh struck in for the first time. "My dear sir," he purred, "don't lose both your house and your money."

"You will see that I get back my money if you go free?" Well, he said in a quiet tone which gathered force, "let me tell you that I would make no bargain with such scoundrels as you; no, not even if you paid me my money twenty times over."

"And handsome spoken, sir," struck in Zachary's voice, as his huge hand closed on the nape of Leaman's neck and pressed it, harder and harder, as a vice presses. "And seeing as tit for tat is good measure all the world over—" There Zachary stopped; but his strong fingers did not stop squeezing, while Leaman's mouth fell open, his eyes started wildly, and his face turned the colour of lead.

He resisted that merciless pressure as long as he could, then threw up the sponge. One tortured word left his lips.

Sensing its meaning, Roger exclaimed, "Rip his coat off!" So they stripped the man of his coat. "Now the shoulders!" cried Roger. And there in those square padded shoulders between wadding and cloth they discovered Colonel Greyson's drafts for the money.

The congratulations and the rejoicings came later when the four of them were back at the Crab Apple Inn, with Zachary humming his snatch of song to himself, and Nicole in his shirt-sleeves puffing and wheezing over his pipe, and Roger sitting quietly by his father, and the little maid peeping in as she passed down the passage, and all the white-throats singing away in the orchard. But this was not until Friday, August the ninth, for the two preceding days had been far too crowded for any one of their party to take his ease properly.

On the Wednesday all four had proceeded to Mischurch, where, after handing Leaman and Pesketh to the police, they had dispatched a crew without loss of time to the barges, to bring these down immediately to the Pool. On Thursday, while Zachary and Nicole were returning both motor-boats (Leaman's having, as suspected, turned out to be stolen), Colonel Greyson and Roger had supervised the re-shipment of the barges' cargo. "And that completes my part of the bargain," the Colonel had uttered, as he took the ship captain's quittance and came down the gangway. "Well, Roger! We've finished! And now?"

"And now it's three cheers for Kenya!" Roger had answered.

THE END

JACKO FEELS SILLY

ONE day Chimp asked Jacko if he could invite his sister and her friend to tea in their summer-house.

"Don't want 'em," he growled, "but she keeps worrying me."

So Jacko said, "All right. Carry on."

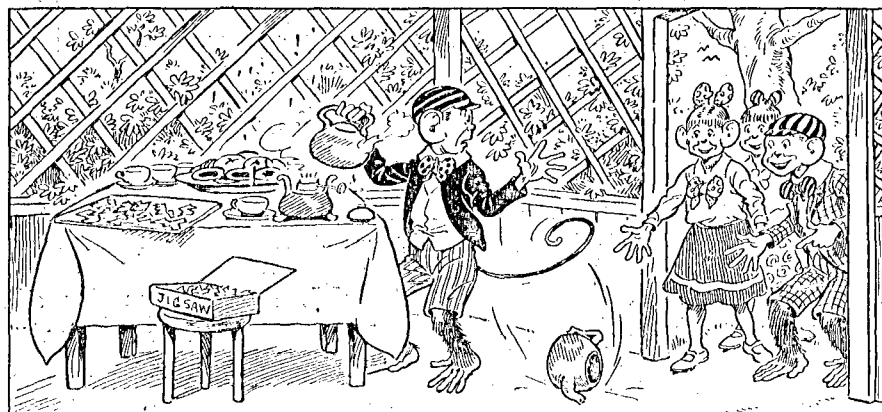
The boys got the place as tidy as they could, but when everything was ready the guests hadn't turned up.

Jacko gazed at the cakes till his mouth

Unfortunately Jacko got so interested over the puzzle that he clean forgot about the kettle. Suddenly it hissed and boiled over. Out rushed the water, streaming all over the table!

Jacko sprang to the stove to turn down the wick—at least he meant to, but the stupid lad turned it up instead!

"Crikey!" he breathed, as clouds of black smoke shot up in the air. Flakes



The teapot fell with a crash

watered. "High time those girls were here," he grunted.

"I'll pop along and see where they've got to," answered Chimp, running off.

Jacko had just filled the kettle and put it on the little stove when Baby appeared, all smiles, carrying a new jig-saw puzzle which he had brought to show his brother.

"You toddle off, youngster," ordered Jacko. "We're having visitors today so you'll have to hop it."

Baby's mouth dropped. He looked so disappointed that Jacko gave him a fat cream bun. Baby dropped the puzzle and trotted away quite happily.

of soot dropped down and began to settle all over the cakes and pies.

Poor Jacko hardly knew where to start cleaning up the mess.

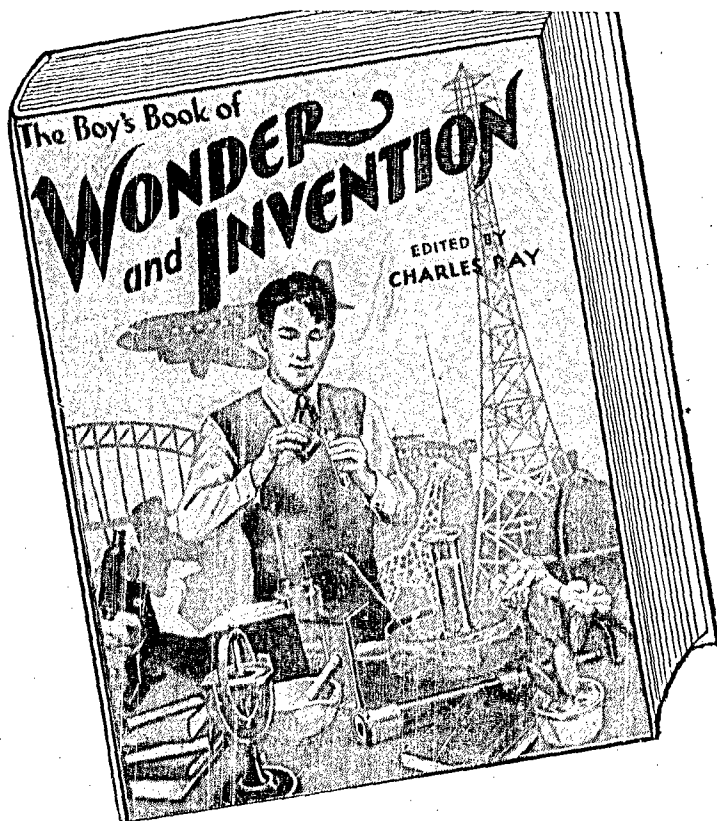
"Better make the tea first," he muttered. Grabbing the kettle in one hand, he clutched the teapot in the other. But just as he was about to pour he was startled by a great noise in the garden.

The teapot slipped from his hand and fell with a crash to the floor!

In trooped Chimp, with the girls behind him.

"You're a nice host!" they cried, roaring with laughter. "Look at our tea!"

Jacko did feel silly!



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THE BRAN TUB

In Passing

At a certain spot a railway line runs parallel to a river. A train travelling at thirty-five miles an hour up river passes a motor-boat going down the river at ten miles an hour in six and two third seconds.

How long would it have taken the train to pass the motor-boat if both had been going in the same direction?

Answer next week

A Good Test

JOHN: How do you tell the age of a chicken?

Jack: By the teeth.

John: Whose leg are you pulling? Chickens have no teeth.

Jack: Of course they haven't, but I have.

A Farm Riddle

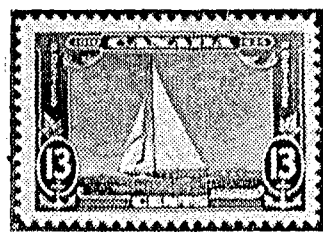
WHICH letter does a farmer like the best?

This is a riddle that I quickly guessed.

You say you cannot? Well, just try again.

The letter G, because it makes "rain" "grain."

King's Yacht on a Stamp



MANY famous ships have appeared on postage stamps, and one of the most famous of all, the King's yacht Britannia, appeared on one of the recent postage stamps issued by Canada to commemorate his Majesty's Silver Jubilee.

Transposition and Beheading

I AM an ambassador; transposed, I am a young bird; curtailed, I am still a bird; beheaded and transposed, I am a storm; curtailed and transposed, I loiter; curtailed again, I am an interjection.

Answer next week

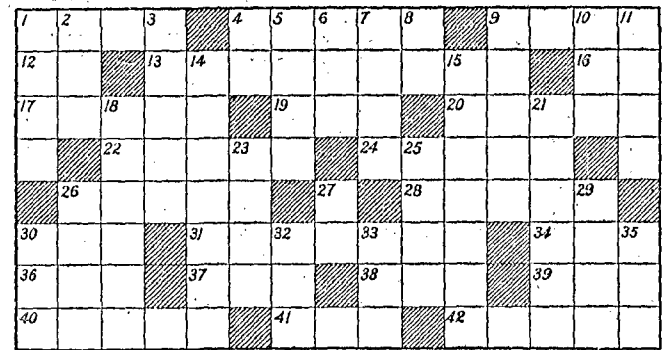
Proof Positive

BLACK: Why are you so certain that the tallest people are the laziest?

White: Because they are always longer in bed than others.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

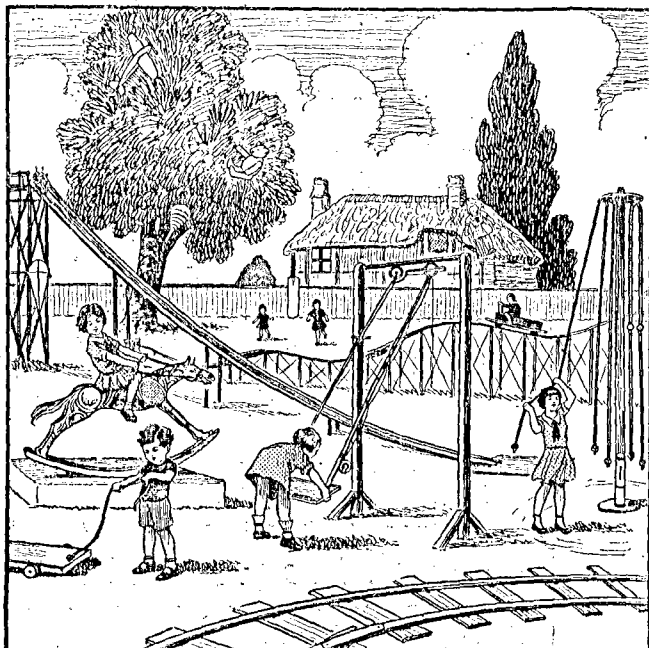
Abbreviations among the clues below are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week



Reading Across. 1. Clock-face. 4. This word means character or individuality. 9. Two pages make this. 12. Electric light.* 13. A whole or total. 16. That is.* 17. This, in the plural, covers a roof. 19. To wander. 20. To avoid. 22. A violent onset. 24. An ant. 26. A sepulchral slab or column. 28. A butcher wears this. 30. To regret. 31. To work. 34. Term used before a married lady's maiden name. 36. To go astray. 37. To obtain. 38. Latin preposition denoting through or by. 39. It added to this describes what you do with it. 40. A popular coin. 41. An actor waits for this. 42. A member of the lowest of the four Hindu castes.

Reading Down. 1. Much used by a writer. 2. Not well. 3. Apparatus for turning wood or metals. 4. For example.* 5. To travel by wagon. 6. Pronoun. 7. A legendary monster. 8. South Africa.* 9. This works on a fulcrum. 10. Help. 11. Three to the yard. 14. Science dealing with the structure of the Earth's crust. 15. Moderates. 18. Behind a ship. 21. Made amends. 23. Loose cloak covering the shoulders. 25. An equal. 26. Certain. 27. A conjunction. 29. Close at hand. 30. A corded fabric. 32. And so on.* 33. A monkey. 35. Period of time.

Can You Find the Hidden Playthings?



WHEN the boys and girls in this picture left their homes they brought with them a number of playthings, which, however, they neglected in favour of the playground's many attractions. Hidden in the picture are sixteen things brought into the playground by the children. Can you find them?

Answer next week

Forty-Five

CAN you divide 45 into four parts so that if 2 is added to the first part, 2 is subtracted from the second part, the third is multiplied by 2, and the fourth is divided by 2 the result in each case will be the same?

Answer next week

The Place For Umbrellas

THE teacher told the class that the suffix stan means the place of, and gave as an example Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. She asked for other examples.

"Umbrella-stan," quickly replied a bright boy.

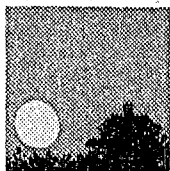
I el On Parle Français



La caisse à fleurs Le ver Le bois
window-box worm wood
La caisse à fleurs orne la maison.
L'oiseau guette les vers de terre.
Allons nous promener dans le bois.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the South.



West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Uranus is in the East. In the morning none is visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, September 17.

Strike an Average

JACK: I have added this list of figures four times, sir.

Teacher: Most thorough of you.

Jack: Thank you, sir; here are the four answers.

Quick Calculation

HERE is a very simple way to calculate how much a certain number of pence saved each day will amount to in a year. First multiply the number of pence by one and a half and call the result pounds. Then add to it five times the amount of the original pence. For instance, sixpence saved every day for a year will amount to $6 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = £9$, plus five sixpences—£9 2s 6d in all. Eightpence a day will be $8 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = £12$, plus five eightpences, that is £12 3s 4d a year. For a leap year, of course, it will be necessary to add to the pounds six times the number of pence.

Puzzle Sentence

Look
Look U Look
Look
&

C that O V X S or X X U R ii.

Answer next week

Wind It Up Then

BROTHER BILL had left his watch in his room and he asked his brother Peter to run upstairs and fetch it.

"It will run down itself if you wait long enough," replied Peter.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Flock of Sheep. 120.

A Flower Puzzle. Pol (Poland); y; an; th; us—Polyanthus.

Hidden Boats. Brig, barge, barque, sloop, lugger, schooner, yacht, yawl, clipper, smack.

Curtilment

Patent, paten, pate, Pat, pa.

Tales Before Bedtime

Shrimp and Sea-Urchin

IT was really too hot for digging, but the Shrimp wanted to make a huge sand-castle even if she got roasted.

Of course that was not her real name, but she was so small and quick that her Uncle Tom had christened her Shrimp, and now nobody called her anything else.

The Shrimp got hotter and hotter, yet such a wonderful castle was worth it, and she stood a little way off to admire it better. At that moment she heard pattering hoofs and was horrified to see a donkey, with a small boy on its back, making straight for her castle.

The Shrimp yelled, but the donkey came straight on, and in a moment the castle was a ruin, in the middle of which sprawled a small boy.

"You've spoilt my castle!" stormed the Shrimp.

"You've spoilt my ride!" shrieked the boy.

"Well, catch your donkey then," sniffed the Shrimp, "and finish your ride!"

"Catch the donkey yourself," snorted the small boy, getting up; "everything's your fault for putting great, enormous castles for people to trip over!"

Suddenly the Shrimp saw that her beautiful castle was spoilt and two large tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Cry baby!" jeered the boy.

The Shrimp didn't answer; she just departed, trailing her spade behind her like a dejected tail.

The way she took was not the way the donkey had gone, so she was surprised when she bumped into it looking very miserable.

"It does look lost," she thought; "I'll take it back to the donkey-man: that boy told me to catch it!"

The donkey-man was very grateful. "It might have strayed ever so far but for you, miss," he said.

That evening she told Uncle Tom all about everything, and he said, "If you're a shrimp, my dear, that boy's a sea-urchin—all prickles—still he may be nice underneath."

Next morning when the Shrimp was collecting seaweed she heard a voice behind her saying, "Thank you for catching my donkey, and I'm sorry about your castle," and there stood the Sea-Urchin.

"The sea would have washed it away anyhow," replied the Shrimp politely.

"Could we build another?" suggested the Sea-Urchin.

"Let's!" answered the Shrimp. And they did.

The castle seemed to grow wonderfully quickly; and when it was finished they were sure a bigger and a better one had never been made.

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